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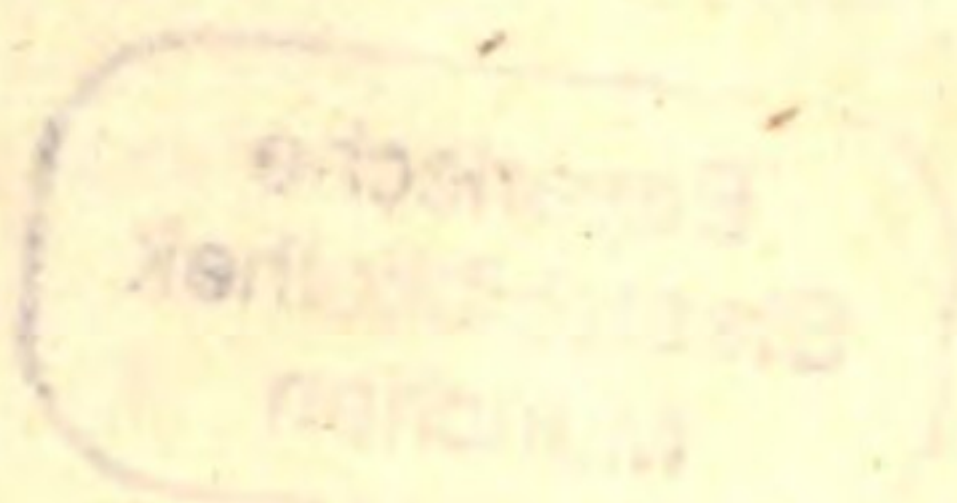
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THE
REVELATION AND INCARNATION
OF
MITHRA.



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THE
REVELATION AND INCARNATION
OF
MITHRA;
OR, A
SKETCH OF THE SACRED HISTORY
OF THE
CENTRAL WORLD.

BY A LAYMAN.

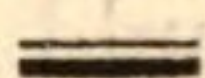
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MDCCCXXIX.

TO THE

REV. *****

RECTOR OF THE PARISH OF ST. *****



DEAR AND HONOURED SIR,

ALTHOUGH a dedication anonymous, both in its address and signature, may appear an absurdity, yet I would by this, provide against the possible contingency of some unforeseen accident discovering, as accident alone shall discover even to you, the author's name : in which case, I would not appear to have been unmindful of him, who first directed my mind to the consideration of religious subjects. I conceal myself, not from shame, or from any fear of having done wrong, or of not being able to defend or

justify myself if called upon to do so ; but that I feel there would be no policy in attaching to a work of this nature a name, which, unqualified as it is, could serve but to bring discredit (though I trust unmerited) upon the work itself, and ridicule upon its author, for having written, whether well or ill, upon a subject which the world would consider he had no business to meddle with. Accept then, such as it is, of the fruit of that tree planted by yourself, in a soil, alas, unworthy of your labour ; that it is not better, is no fault of yours ; while whatever good it may contain, was derived from you. Your approval, should chance ever convey it to me, would be my most valued reward, as giving me assurance, that what I have written will not be unworthy the attention of those dear ones, for whose instruction it was intended. Your censure on the other hand, would be my heaviest punishment, as depriving me of that hope.

Farewell now, good and excellent man, and real Christian! May God long support you in your useful, though almost too laborious duties. May you attain here, the success your talents, learning, and piety encourage me to hope may yet be in store for you; and hereafter, that reward assured to the faithful labourer in the vineyard of Christ!

Your grateful and sincerely

attached friend,

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

ONE wet Sunday between the services I happened to take up a volume of Kotzebue's travels, in which he relates a humorous story of three statues in the cathedral at Augsburg, which were intended to represent the Holy Trinity, and according to the fashion of the day, were duly adorned each by a full bottomed wig, which was every morning most piously dressed by the head coiffeur of the place. This story, introduced by Kotzebue in descanting upon the grossnesses of the Romish religion, which he never spares, amused me much, and I fear I was not, in my presumption, quite free from a sensation of mingled pity and disgust for those, in my idea, so devoid of proper refine-

ment in their notions concerning the mysterious doctrines of Christianity. However, it chanced that a learned and very orthodox divine happened to preach that evening, and as luck would have it, upon the subject of the Trinity, Athanasian Creed, &c. The worthy pastor laid down the doctrines of the Church, which he defended with great ingenuity, but summed up with a most proper acknowledgment of our knowing nothing about such matters, and being bound to receive them upon faith.

Somehow or other, all the while he was preaching, the abominable full bottomed wigs would, in spite of all I could do to banish them, keep intruding themselves before my eyes, I suppose in revenge for the irreverend laughter I had just before indulged in at their expence. I returned home, and my wife had left her Bible upon the table; it lay partly open, and I cast my eye upon the open page, what should it be, but the mote and the beam? I do not

reckon myself superstitious, but this altogether struck me as an odd coincidence, and led me to think a little upon the subject.

Now, reader, you have fair warning ; therefore if you have taken up this book out of curiosity, wondering what it can be about, if you do not want to be put to sleep, put it down again, as so dull is it, that I myself, its author, have more than once fallen asleep over its contents ; and even should you persist, the only advantage I can propose for you must result from the serious reflections your study may possibly induce. By the bye, have you ever read the preface or introduction, I forget which, to *Gil Blas*, I mean about the soul of the Licentiate ? if you have not, do so at all events before you proceed, and good luck to you !

Your servant,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

IN offering the present work to the public, I beg to assure them, that in my most secret vanity I have never even dreamt of what is called literary success, but merely offer it to such as may like it, for just as much as they may think it worth; feeling confident, that those for whose approval alone I am anxious, will give me credit for meaning well, and for having done no harm, even if they deny that I have done good. From another class, I am aware, I have no mercy to expect for the unpardonable offence of recommending an alliance with the bugbear Reason in matters of Religion. But as this is a sin of which I do not intend to repent, I shall neither trouble myself to

argue the matter with them, nor in any way heed their anathemas, (should they indeed deign to notice me at all,) but make my prayer in the excellent words of Pope, whose poem by the bye is also under their ban :—

“ If I am right, thy grace impart,

till in that right to stay ;

If I am wrong, O teach my heart,

To find that better way !”

As to orthodoxy, not being a Clergyman, I freely own I know nothing about it ; and perhaps the Church itself would not very easily define the term in the present day ; when I much doubt if Locke would be denounced as unorthodox, as denounced he was. There is an old trite and almost vulgar motto, “ *Littera scripta manet* ;” and in this little sentence is, I believe, comprised the secret of the much debated immutability of the Romish Church, as well as of the black-letter orthodoxy of our

own. The world will not stand still even for Popes and Inquisitors. Men imperceptibly modernize the houses in which they dwell, even where they would deny having altered them. Neither do they usually copy their most careful letters word for word in writing them fair, nor ever do any thing over again exactly the same; simply because nothing done by man was ever perfect, or adapted equally to all times and seasons. The foundation of the Christian Church being of God, the eternal principle remains unchanged and unchangeable; and thus far, but no farther, has the Church remained exempted from the universal law. Every superstructure is the work of man, and must obey it, however immutable the vanity of its framers may have pronounced it, or the pious courtesy of their successors may have acknowledged it to be. Much confusion appears to have arisen from confounding together an imaginary ever-re-nascent body termed the Church, like an ancient

and apparently unaltered superstructure resting on the old foundation, and the individuals of which the reality of that body is composed. These if changed, as I contend they are, and must be more or less, whether in one ancient Church or another, will be found upon examination to have made a real and actual change in the Church itself. Be this change formally acknowledged or not, it is equally a valid change in real character, as in material of the Church, notwithstanding it may not be apparent to a careless or a prejudiced observer. But of those who will examine, although some exclaim that the material is cankered as by dry rot, others, and among them myself, will contend, that not only is it merely the unsound part, the mere sap of the timber that is decayed, but that in place thereof there is an actual reproduction of more sound and enduring material. In fact, Christianity now begins to be generally understood, and whether termed enlightened

ideas of toleration, or liberality, or Christian philosophy, by one party; or stigmatized as infidelity, free-thinking, or laxity, by another, I contend it is Christianity, an advance in the comprehension of the genius of our religion itself generally throughout the civilized world, even where the patients themselves know not whence the light that directs them flows. Public opinion is beneficially affected, and more easily separates right from wrong, according to the peculiar maxims first and only propagated by Christianity; swayed it no doubt may be, and is, by glittering wrong, but less so than formerly, and it sooner recovers itself from its deviations. Power and craft now themselves blush at the sophisms with which they feel obliged cautiously to uphold certain doctrines, formerly advanced in the confident tone of authority not to be disputed. In short, Christianity has begun to take hold of the minds of men perceptibly or imperceptibly, so that, in

this country at least, few or none can wholly escape it ; even the learned infidel is a Christian moralist, though he ungratefully denies his Instructor. Bad and worthless Christians such may be, but however useless their Christianity to themselves as regards another world, it is of use here both to society and to themselves.

All fears as to the readvance of ancient deceptions and abuses in matters of religion, I conceive to be utterly groundless. Their day is gone by never to return : yet there are few, even of them, that have not done good service in their turn. Like herbs, nutritious in their tender shoot to the lambs who cropt them, but growing up into rank and poisonous weeds, (and even these, be it remembered, have served for shelter in time of peril, when the wolves of the eastern deserts were abroad,) though first and last unfitted (as sole aliment) for the stronger and more numerous stock who now occupy the ground. From the ashes of these weeds, has

here sprung up a purer crop ; those who have tasted of which, can never again digest the husky stalks of the former crop. But as a certain admixture of that former crop is necessary to the welfare of their flocks, let the shepherds take care, that this good medicinal herb does not run up into stalk and seed, but pull it in good time, lest their flocks in disgust be driven altogether from the wholesome pasture, to those meadows of false, yet inviting verdure, whither the wolf, the vulture, and the serpent are ever striving to decoy them !

He, who aware of impregnable positions in the rear, counsels not to risk a battle on the plain, is not necessarily either an enemy or a coward. I yield to none in real and effective love and reverence for the Church of England. I have neither sought to flatter nor to offend any class of Christians ; and if I should have appeared to do so, I regret it. What I have done, has been for the best, and if my counsel be not—"felix—sit satis esse fidelem !"

INTRODUCTION.

IN the human intellect, the powers of conception are limited, in a great degree, to what we can experience, and we can only argue by analogy upon subjects beyond that experience. Our powers are consequently utterly incompetent to a distinct conception of subjects purely spiritual, and our powers of communicating ideas by language are far inferior even to our limited conception.

What the mind cannot conceive it cannot of course compare, and could it even comprehend God, still there would be nothing to compare with him. All we can do, therefore, is to resort to minor analogies to assist in developing our conceptions, although what each can conceive,

must yet remain, in great degree, inexpressible by words. The most spiritual things in our experience are fire, and its products light and heat: portions of these may be detached for special purposes, these portions remain the thing itself, and the power, immensity, and integrity of the whole not only remain unimpaired, but even be encreased thereby: *e. g.* we may collect rays of light in a lens or mirror, and throw them into a dark space; what is it pervades that space? why it is light! Is the original light then diminished? No! Yet here is light where no light was before, light of that light, light itself! In its degree, something similar may be observed of air; and even water may serve as a useful link between more spiritual and more substantial matter.

The frequent allusions made to light in Scripture may, without any great stretch of imagination, be considered as pointing it out for contemplation, as if partially to aid the human

mind in attaining some, though a faint and indistinct, idea of the mysteries of Divinity: and these, I would humbly hope, furnish me with sufficient excuse for taking actual light as means of endeavouring to illustrate this great subject.

It will hardly be considered impiety to assert that fire is the cause and origin of all light. Now, though all fire may be proved to be neither more or less than fire, yet the mind is in the habit of making an imaginary distinction for itself between etherial fire, the original pure self-existing element, such as the Magi conceived their Mithra to be, and the common fire, desecrated in our ideas by ordinary use, and which we only see feeding upon gross material substances, and which may, therefore, be termed terrestrial fire. Milton says, "*Purer* flames purge off the *baser* fire." Thus our imaginations have created, as it were, a higher and lower order of the same element, for in fact we can hardly avoid ideally confounding with the con-

sumer, a portion of the grossness of what we see it consume. Thus even in the descending scale of what I have termed terrestrial fire, see a gas-lamp and a rushlight, and it will take a man who has never thought upon the subject, some little consideration to convince himself that the flame consuming and the food consumed are the same in both, and that the dimness of the rushlight results only from its brilliancy being obstructed by gross material particles, which had previously been separated from the food of the gas-light. Now as each portion of fire, however small and however dim, may be proved to be a real and actual portion of the great original element, so may every soul of man be proved to be a portion of that divine and immortal spirit originally breathed into him at his creation. Still, to pursue my simile, the wick may be so clogged, and the flame so feeble, as scarcely to render darkness visible! Some, it is true, in all ages of the world, and under all

circumstances, have burned strongly ; but although the flame burned strongly, that is, although it was less actually dimmed and obstructed by the gross particles of its oil or wick, still it was affected and coloured by them, and burned yellow, red, green, &c. by which I would represent the evil passions or perverted intellects of men. Yellow the first deviation from admixture of smoke or shade (sin), representing the straining of principles for policy or expediency. Red the hot or angry ray, being figurative of violence, war, military glory and ambition ; and green the cool ray, as indifference, and the meaner passions, &c. Thus, although the body of flame might be large for the lamp on which it burned, yet the light emitted was false and imperfect, and utterly disproportionate to the size of the flame.

In the following pages, color of flame is almost every where used as indicative of perverted Theology, where principles, more or less

evil, were made the attributes of the deity worshipped, as distinguished from the white, the representative of perfect purity ; the deviations in which are made to consist in dimness, smoke, and a want of that steadiness so essential to perfect light. As one would find it easier to read a letter by the steady light of a taper, than by the blazing of a burning house. It may be hardly necessary for me to observe, that the names introduced are, according to common custom, Greek ; I hope sufficiently correct for their purpose,—Phosphori meaning bearers of light ; Pseudophosei, false, (*i.e.*) colored lights. Pyrotechny, skill in, or art of fire, represents the civilization of heathen nations, and an attempted refinement in their Theological systems. Sometimes it is applied to the Talmud, and other deviations from, or perversions of, in the vain attempt to improve the religion of Moses, or any other perversion of revealed religion. To the name Protophos, a critic might certainly

object; but finding a difficulty in selecting a better, as it made a very pretty name, and did not in the least signify, I thought it best to leave it as it stood*. I here beg the reader to observe, that the revelation made by Mithra to the Phosphori at their fall, is a general summing together of all the knowledge at different periods afforded to them between that time and the revelation of Triphos. And that, put into the mouth of the Reviver, is meant to comprise not only what he said in his own words, but what he said through the medium of his Day-beam, up to the publishing of those books from which this abstract, or rather for brevity's sake,

* With regard to the few references scattered about the margin, they are merely general, to refer the reader's attention to particular points; not being designed to justify the doctrine. It is the spirit of the whole which has been alone consulted. The references were an after thought, for the purpose of aiding such as might need or require them, and are perhaps not the best that might have been found.

general review, is taken. The idea of a central world is a very old one, and as sundry treatises have been written, both in English and German, upon the subject, to them I refer the curious. How this account of the Mythology of its inhabitants came into my possession, being a matter of no importance, I shall not trouble the reader with an explanation of it.

THE FABLE
OF
MITHRA IN THE CENTRAL WORLD.

==

WHEN the Almighty Mithra determined to extend his dominion to the Central World, he established his Firethrone on the summit of a lofty mountain which overlooked those gloomy regions.

The Firethrone was formed by a gigantic rock of Adamant, perpendicular and utterly inaccessible on all sides; and from its summit, the white etherial flame blazed with a solar splendor, and illumined the depths below.

Warmed by its genial influence, the teeming ground soon produced varieties of vegetable and animal life.

Then said Mithra, "It is good! But where-

fore have I overcome darkness, and established my dominion in this distant abyss, if there are none capable of appreciating my benefits, and admiring my splendor?" With that, bending downwards a spire of his flame, he penetrated the vitrified substance of his throne, and caused the descending spire to blaze out at its base. The creative flame instantly gave encreased fertility to the spot. A luxuriant garden bloomed around. Numbers of the more perfect classes of central animals appeared, gazing in pleased confusion at the light, and basking in its genial ray. Soon a stir was observable among them, and they seemed to regard some new object with wonder mixed with awe. When, lo! the majestic forms of Phosphori, reasoning beings, bearing on their brows a three-pointed star of pure white flame, the shining stamp of Mithra himself, suddenly appeared from among them, and advancing to the flame, prostrated themselves before it. At this moment, the flame blazed up more resplendently, accompanied by a deep rumbling noise from the interior of the vitrified rock, as of the roar of imprisoned fires.

Which ceasing, a clear deep voice uttered these words.

“ Welcome, Children of Light, last and most perfect production of my vivifying power, whom I have not only called into being, but whom I have endowed with a portion of my eternal fire; on whose brows I have set my *triple* star, as a mark of superiority, and dominion over every thing, in this central world, called into life by the influence of my power! You it is, that I have chosen, and appointed to be my vice-regents here, to you I give this glowing realm, and all that it contains. Be happy, and enjoy! But forget not that you are the servants of Mithra, who brought light here, where darkness was before, and by that light made all as you now behold it. To you is assigned the easy task of feeding the flame that burns for your use, at the foot of my throne, with naphtha, drawn from the spring which flows beside it, and of which the necessary quantity will be found at proper intervals in its basin. When the flame begins to languish, the basin shall be full, then draw the naphtha in the vessel which stands by the foun-

tain, and pour it upon the flame, which will straightway revive. The aromatic effluvia produced shall fertilize and refresh the ground, and cause it to produce all that is needful for your support or pleasure. This shall be your act of adoration towards me, and an acknowledgment of my protection. But there is one thing I charge you not to do. The mark I have set upon you, the star that burns in the centre of your foreheads is pure, the mark of your God Mithra, and his symbol, and needs no food: it is sufficient to itself, and shall not languish while you are faithful to me. Seek not to encrease this flame, to it you shall not apply the naphtha, and if you do, darkness will be the instant consequence." The voice ceased.

For some time the new inhabitants of the central world were obedient, and enjoyed their happy state in quiet and safety: the sacred flame burned steadily and bright, and all went on prosperously: till one fatal day, the pampered fools after observing the good effects of the naphtha upon the sacred fire, became forgetful of the gratitude and the duty they owed to Mithra,

and began to argue upon the prohibition they had received. They agreed that as the application of the naphtha produced such visible good effects upon the flame they had been feeding, it must necessarily produce a similar effect upon the stars on their foreheads. What reason, therefore, could Mithra have for the prohibition he had given? and why had he rendered his great fire inaccessible to them, and assigned them so small a portion below the rock? Thence, that, if so comparatively small a flame did so much for the country around it, how much more must a larger one do! and why were they debarred from enjoying more? The thing was manifest. If it redounded to the glory of Mithra that they should feed the flame at the foot of his throne, it surely would redound more to his glory, that his own signet, as he had described it, should, by their exertions, become more brilliant! He shewed them from a distance the splendor of his great fire, that they might contrast it with the smaller one: he had placed it on the top of the rock, to shew, that something was necessary to be dared and done to attain to its brilliancy!

How glorious for them to carry the sacred fire blazing with redoubled splendor from their brows to light the uttermost parts of the central world, and create new paradises in honour of their God ! Mithra could not have been in earnest when he threatened darkness ! They saw clearly that the naphtha caused light,—Mithra would be pleased with their zeal ; he would not, he could not be offended at what would so encrease his empire and his glory ! Thus argued the foolish and presumptuous Phosphori, deceiving themselves ; while under a pretended zeal, they cloaked their curiosity and their vanity. On the fatal morning of their disobedience, (I say morning, for Mithra had commanded his flame to be revived at that hour, when his beams earliest burst upon the superior world from the resplendent East,) the whole tribe of Phosphori stood gazing at the flame upon which they had just poured their measure of naphtha, and were inhaling and enjoying the aromatic odors and exquisite perfumes produced by its smokeless consumption. Drops of the sacred food of Mithra, pure and brilliant as polished diamonds, were

slowly one by one distilling into the glittering basin, emitting an ambrosial odor, to which that of the finest roses would be but a faint comparison ; when one of the Phosphori, bolder or more zealous than the rest, advanced to the spring, and collecting a few drops in the hollow of his hand, poured them upon his forehead. The star thereon instantly assumed a threefold brilliancy, but its form was lost in the increased magnitude of its flame. A sound, as of distant thunder, was heard in the interior of the rock, and a slight tremor shook the ground ; but the sacred fire continued burning steadily and clearly. The surrounding Phosphori were appalled for an instant, but their adventurous brother stood undaunted : and laughing at their fears, bade them observe the encreased brilliancy of his forehead. “ Misdoubting fools,” he cried, “ where are now your fears ! Behold me ! Me, the first unraveller of this dreaded mystery ! I have encountered this idle threat of darkness, and has darkness followed ! Does the sacred flame burn less brightly ? Is aught changed but my forehead, and is that less brilliant ? Moreover I can

now tell you the reason of Mithra's prohibition. Well might he prohibit! well might he threaten! He knew that, could we but obtain the art, and dared we but employ it, the light so scantily given, as a mark of authority indeed over inferior animals, but of servitude to him, would become a badge of our equality with himself. Hasten then, encrease your light, and become as Gods." Thus did the late presumptuous theorist, but now bold and rebellious blasphemer, exhort his more timid brethren, who half persuaded by his arguments, half goaded by his taunts, and above all urged by their own vanity, and now unchecked by any dread of danger, rushed to the fountain, and poured naphtha upon their foreheads. No more thunders were heard, nor did any immediate visible result follow, other than the change they had seen take place on the brow of the first adventurer; but like him, they all saw with other eyes; their fear of Mithra was changed into a jealousy of each other, and they passed the remainder of the day in quarrels and bickerings among themselves.

As the appointed hour however for feeding the

sacred flame drew nigh, and the fire, as it was wont, began to languish, they were surprised, and not a little alarmed to find, that, the light in their foreheads, of late so unusually brilliant, began also to wax faint. Some then began to repent, and to accuse their brethren of having led them into error. But the first adventurer, seconded by his bolder friends, remarked, that they had only to resort to the same means to renew their brilliancy. The deed was now done, and there was no other remedy ; so away they went, some in fear and trembling, and all, it is to be presumed, with some little inward misgivings, to their morning's task of feeding the sacred flame. On arriving at the spring, every thing appeared as usual ; the basin was filled with naphtha, but none seemed inclined to venture to pour it upon the flame : their consciences told them, that the act of adoration could be little acceptable to Mithra, after their disobedience. They hesitated, and the flame kept sinking ; till at last, the first adventurer stepped forward, and, reproaching them with their superstitious cowardice, filled the urn with naphtha,

and poured it upon the languishing flame. But the impure sacrifice was rejected: the blaze sprang up, not as usual a bright sheet of unsullied flame, giving out aromatic odors and unclouded light, but a red and angry flash, evolving dark clouds of black and lurid smoke, unknown before, and emitting a pestilential and sulphureous stench. Blinded and half choked by the unwholesome blast, the wretched Phosphori remained awhile insensible. Soon, however, the clouds of impure smoke ascended, and rolling themselves around the summit of the Firethrone, formed a dark and permanent veil around the flame of Mithra. A veil never again to be removed, until the appointed time, when the all-subduing element shall, like a conqueror, pervade the darkest corners of the central world! The lower flame, as if exhausted by its sudden effort, had sunk to less than half its former size, and gave no longer its accustomed light. The trembling Phosphori gazed on each other with wonder and consternation, for each brow which beamed so brightly, was darkened, and in place of the shining star, a dark spot

alone appeared, and though something of its original form remained, its outline was faint and indistinct. They gazed around amid the gloom, but how changed their prospect! Their paradise, of late so blooming and luxuriant, was no more! The sulphureous blast had withered the vegetation, animated nature had fled in dismay, the spot whereon they stood had become a desert, and the very naphtha spring was defiled by smoke. The face of Mithra was closely veiled, and the lower flame, though still alive, afforded but sufficient light to show them the horrors of their situation. Destruction seemed to stare them in the face; terrified and abashed, the trembling culprits threw themselves before the remnant of the divine fire, and confessing their impiety, implored the mercy of Mithra. Anon, bright flashes shot through the veil of clouds, and thunders rolled around; then succeeded a solemn and silent pause, and the awful voice of the God was heard as from the centre of his adamant throne:—

“ Foolish and unhappy Phosphori! how have you destroyed yourselves, my brightest work!

How has your senseless and presumptuous disobedience again enabled darkness to impede my progress in the central world, and shrouded my face from you by the thick vapour of your transgression! I had resolved, upon your disobedience, to withdraw myself for ever from this world, and leave you to perish in utter darkness. But as you have invoked me in your distress, and turned to me with repentance, I will relent: and my light, though obscured, shall never be utterly extinct among you. But by your labour you must preserve it. You must forthwith quit this place which you have defiled, and commence a long and dreary pilgrimage over the vale of gloom below. But, as the way is dark and perilous, and the divine flame which burned in your foreheads, which should have lighted you for ever in innocence, is now obscured by your disobedience, I will give to each a lamp that he shall carry in his hand, filled from the sacred fountain, but which is itself now defiled and rendered corruptible, and lighted at this flame, which however diminished in intensity, is still pure and white, though it cannot longer now

burn perfectly smokeless, even with the purest naphtha your utmost care and labour will be able to procure. You shall dig for naphtha on your journey, and shall find it of various qualities, but all more or less impure and corruptible. It must be your task to tend it with care, to cleanse it from its impurities, and to trim your lamps regularly with the best. You shall know the good from the bad, even though its first appearance should deceive you, by the colour of the flame it shall produce. Remember, the first flame upon your lamps, like that at which they are lighted, is white and clear, and the light that it gives is uniform and steady: if you neglect it, it will grow dim, till, clogged by impurities, scarcely a spark shall be visible: if fed with impure naphtha, the flame will give out smoke, will flare, flicker, and burn unsteadily, or its colour will be changed though it burn never so fiercely. These different effects will appear, according to the various impurities of the naphtha used. When, therefore, these appear, heed them well; as the light produced is a false light, and unfit for your guidance. If, after having

refined any naphtha from all visible impurities, still you shall find the light not burn steadily, or if its colour be other than white, be sure, then, that the spring is essentially corrupt, quit its neighbourhood immediately, and dig anew ; and if you seek diligently, it shall be my care that you find what is good. The goodness of naphtha depends upon its purity, namely, its freedom from all admixture of central substances : remember, therefore, you are positively prohibited from mixing any such, of what kind soever, therewith, as the flame thereby produced cannot be symbolical of Mithra. But cleanse and separate your naphtha from all impurities to the best of your abilities, and keep it carefully from the very dust with which these regions abound, that your flame may remain white and pure, for all others are an abomination to me, and an insult to my purity. Their smoke is an obstruction to my light, and is the principle of your destruction. The signet of Mithra, originally burning on your foreheads, is now obscured by the smoke of your disobedience. But my mark is still upon you, though it burns no longer,

and the outline of its form is indistinct. The touch of Mithra alone can reallume it; nevertheless, its constant exposure to the true white flame, which is the symbol of Mithra, shall renew its form, and its colour of my favour shall be a bright red: whereas, exposure to a false, weak, or clouded light, shall darken its colour and confuse its outline.

“ Your passage over the vale below is beset with dangers and difficulties, through which nothing but the pure light now supplied, and carefully preserved, can guide you in safety. The surface is broken into pits and chasms, some apparent, others insidious; these are the portals which lead to the regions of night. My light, carefully preserved, may enable you long to avoid them; but a false or impure light will quickly precipitate you into them, and woe to such as thus enter them. But every lamp must know extinction, and every Phosphorus must enter these realms of night, for the wick of your lamps, which you cannot renew, is limited, and that limit can be known or regulated by me alone. Happy is he whose lamp expires smoke-

less, and this the true flame alone can do !
Though in the realms of night I am not yet,
nevertheless fear not the darkness, all you who
enter them with smokeless lamps, for you are
not beyond my power and protection : but of
this you shall know more hereafter. For of
your seed I will raise up a Reviver for myself,
who shall re-establish my dominion in the cen-
tral world, and give eternal light to as many as
will receive it of, and obey him. Meanwhile
faint not, for I will watch over you in yon vale
of gloom. I will preserve my light among you,
sending, from time to time, lamps specially en-
lightened by a ray from mine own flame, that
you may remember the true light, and recognize
the flame of Mithra when it shall appear among
you. The bearers of these lamps shall testify of,
and instruct you of its coming ; and by observ-
ance of them shall you know it when it appears.
Their flame being pure, and their lamps clean,
they shall receive upon them a ray of my day
beam, and reflect my light. But the wick and
the naphtha, though purified with zeal and fide-
lity, cannot thereby be freed from original im-

perfection, for the touch of Mithra alone can make perfect. His ray shall form a bright halo around their pure flame, raising it to a smokeless expansion beyond that of their fellows, to do his special errand. His effluence adorns and leads them, but is not committed to them, and they shine through a medium not their own. But, in his forehead that I shall send last, shall be the pure essential flame of the eternal Mithra, near which impurity never approached. It shall neither fade nor languish; of its own eternal vivifying power shall it burn, unquenched, unquenchable: at it shall he light his lamp, whose brightness shall be my brightness; its odor my odor; colourless and pure, no smoke or dimness shall be in its flame. Darkness shall fly before it, and the obscurity even of the realms of night shall not prevail against it. The Mithra burning in the brow of my reviver, must indeed, for a while, be veiled to your eyes by the triple star of glowing red, the shade of his assumed mortality: but to whomsoever he shall choose, to him shall he reveal it even here. He shall purify central naphtha, till it is pure, as that

which he shall first light, and which shall be of mine own sacred fountain ; and the flame of his lamp shall be visible as mithric, to all who will consent to see it. He shall offer his light to all, and as many as shall relight their lamps at his flame, shall receive of his mithric light : and all their remaining impurities be taken away by its touch, and they shall be restored thereby to my favor.

“ Thus of the lamps I shall send to be your guides. I will, when the time shall be accomplished, supply one, which being perfect, shall reconcile me to this condemned world, by restoring the purity of my light.— Ye have heard, O Phosphori ! Take, then, with humility and gratitude, the diminished light which is now afforded you, and depart in peace ! Preserve the flame carefully, and fear not, for I will not utterly desert you.— But for you, first instigator of this rebellion ; for you, first daring polluter of my sacred flame, on you I have set my mark of wrath : the star in your forehead has lost its figure, and its colour is of a jetty blackness. To you, and to your posterity it will

cleave, till the light of my Reviver shall reach you. I give you my light now, as to your brethren, but you will pollute it ; and happy for you, if the very dimness of your polluted lights, shall have saved you from a degree of perversion which would prevent your being attracted by the brightness of my Reviver's light ! Let your brethren regard you with pity, not with anger ; for such as you are, shall they themselves become, if they despise or neglect my instructions !"

The voice ceased, and the trembling and dejected Phosphori, having lighted their lamps, the sacred flame shrank within the rock, and, by the light of their lamps alone, partially aided by the distant gleaming of the shrouded Mithra, they commenced, with desponding steps, their journey down the steep descent.

Arrived in the nether world, the exiled race, accustomed to the intense brilliancy and ambrosial atmosphere of their paradise, must, but for their lamps, have speedily succumbed under the difficulties and dangers of their new situation. These, added to the strong impression made upon their minds by the events they had

witnessed, kept alive in them, for a time, a fearful remembrance of their duty, and their lights were diligently attended to, and burned with truth and steadiness. Too soon, however, when use had more familiarized their eyes to the subdued lustre of their new world, these wholesome impressions began gradually to fade from their recollection, and to be absorbed among the various cares of their new life. Their lamps grew dimmer, but they saw it not: slight shades of colour appeared in their flames, but they heeded it not: offspring were born, and grew to maturity. In the lamps of some the flame burned strongly, in some feebly, but in few without a shade of colouring. The difference in size and quality of their flames, at last became too obvious to escape observation. But Aphos, the first defiler of Mithra, and whose lamp had now began to be highly coloured, boldly contended, that the coloured fire was equal to the white. A dispute arising upon this, Aphos, collecting all the coloured lamps that would follow him, separated from his brethren, and leaving the foot of the mountain, proceeded to a

distant part of the plain. The first settlement grew populous, and upon similar and other disputes, numbers at different periods set out, to seek for themselves new abodes; until, in progress of time, every region within sight of the sacred mountain had become peopled. But, alas! their lamps, almost universally dim, exhibited every colour and shade of colour that flame is capable of receiving; and scarcely had the last remnants of the original Phosphori sunk into the realms of night, when the wandering tribes had paid so little attention to their lamps, that, among many, the true colour of mithric flame became matter of dispute, or was wholly lost: they turned their eyes indeed to the sacred mountain, but the face of Mithra was veiled. They saw by the light that he existed, but his colour they could not see; and each set up a standard for himself, of the colour which pleased him best, or according to the impurities of the naphtha which they happened to find, and which they no longer thought of purifying. One tribe alone, and that a small one, the last which had remained about the foot

of the sacred mountain, in any degree preserved the original fire. Meanwhile, among the separated tribes, the flame of their lamps having become dim, the want of light began to be found inconvenient, and consequently, he who burned the largest flame, soon found that he had a superiority over the dimmer lights of his companions, a superiority universally acknowledged without any reference to purity. In time however divers having by different modes attained something like equality in size, colour, but alas, not purity, became a distinction. Red or yellow being sought for, and cultivated by most of those who had large flames. About this time it happened, that the chief of a powerful tribe, an ardent admirer of the red light, discovered upon a lofty hill, a naphtha spring, the naphtha of which being impregnated with metallic substances, burned fiercely, of a bright crimson. With this he trimmed his mighty lamp, and held it up triumphantly to his followers, who in their enthusiasm pronouncing it mithric, hastened to trim their lamps with the same, and fearful was the blaze. The surrounding tribes were astonished

and bowed before them, every colour quailing before the red. The Red Chief finding at length, that his flame waxed dim by time and impurity, bethought him, how he should encrease and render permanent its glory by transmitting his cherished light unimpaired to posterity. His followers had declared it to be mithric, and he himself half believed it to be so. With this, he conceived the daring project of lighting the spring itself; and having assembled his followers he boldly applied fire to the stream. The gaseous effluvia instantly burst into glowing flame, and the terrible blaze flashed far and wide over the plain, destroying thousands in its desolating course. All were astonished and believed it to be Mithra himself. The example however was ere long followed, and every tribe lighted their favourite springs, calling them Mithra, of whatever colour they might be. But smoke and darkness were upon all.

In the course of time it came to pass, that a powerful tribe in the neighbourhood of the few remaining true lights, having in its extensive territories springs both of red and yellow, and

not having wholly neglected their refining process, made some discoveries as to the different substances which caused colour in flame, and their discoveries having led to the art of procuring and preparing these substances, they were enabled to produce flame of whatever colour best suited their fancied purposes. It chanced, that the remnant of the true lights, finding, from certain accidental circumstances, their old abode inconvenient, strayed into the territories of these experienced Pyrotechnists, and were received and treated with great hospitality by the Chief, who was much struck by the brilliancy, purity, and steadiness of lights, the like of which their art could not produce, and he assigned them a district of his kingdom, where they settled, and encreased. Time however produced its effect on both parties. The Pyrotechni proud of their art soon lost their first admiration of the colourless flame, which also from inattention, began to burn less brightly, and in many instances less steadily, and many among the Phosphori began to look more complacently upon the varying and parti-coloured fires of the Pyrotechni.

It is not then much matter of surprise, that the indifference of the former should soon have become contempt, and that the engrafted tribe, though generally they pertinaciously adhered to their white flame as distinctive, should by degrees have lost their first keen sense of its superiority, and becoming dazzled by the arts of their neighbours, that many should have been induced to study and imitate those arts. So that in the course of some generations, the pure flame had become in imminent danger of being lost entirely. But Mithra, mindful of his promise, willed it otherwise, and at this time made the first great interposition of his power, to rescue from error the remnant of his followers, whom we will thenceforward specially denominate Phosphori, as being the only tribe among whom the true flame was now to be found. I should here remark that before these conservators of the true light migrated into the land of Pyrotechni, the signet of Mithra, originally alike on the brows of the whole race, had become utterly confused and clouded, its form could no longer be defined, and its colour was dark. One alone of the faithful

tribe, and he the immediate ancestor of those now sojourning with the Pyrotechni, had, by attention to the purity of his lamp, revived the colour of his frontal signet, and its form, though two of the three points were not quite distinct, was still similar to that borne by the original Phosphori at the time of their descent. His had been the brightest pure flame existing, and by him had been heard the voice of Mithra, which promised, that, in his line, the Reviver originally foretold should appear. The mark that he had kept, and thus partially revived, had never disappeared from his descendants, the true fire being still among them, and however faint in some, the general outline, and the elements of the colour still remained, and distinguished the peculiar tribe. At the time of which I was speaking, a child was born among them, having this mark more than ordinarily distinct, and in the lamp that he carried, he preserved the flame pure and bright, so much as to attract the notice even of the Pyrotechni with whom he much associated. His flame was large as the largest of their own, and all their art could not equal

its brightness. He had learned their arts, but could never be prevailed upon to add the least colouring to his flame, and at last disgusted with their practices and importunity, he left their society, and returned among his now humble brethren, to whom he showed his lamp, and urged them to greater attention in the service of their God. It chanced that once when alone, meditating upon the gloom around, the flame of his lamp, which was before him, suddenly sank to its very socket, as quailing to a superior light which burst around. Surprised, he started from his reverie, and beheld, at a short distance from him, a flame of the pure mithric hue, burning over a spring of naphtha, and he heard a voice proceeding from the centre of the blaze, addressing him thus:—"Servant of Mithra! I have seen the purity of thy flame, I know thy fidelity to me! Therefore have I granted thy heart's desire, and appointed thee the instrument whereby I will preserve my fire in the central world, and bring out my Phosphori from among my Pyrotechnic corrupters. Thou shalt lead them hence with a blazing and a shining light, and

conduct them back again whence they came, to the foot of my sacred mountain, where purer streams of naphtha flow, and where they shall serve me, and keep alive my fire, until the time when my Reviver shall appear among them, and my promises be fulfilled. Thou indeed, and some few of thy brethren, have purified your naphtha by a simple process, but my Phosphori are darkened and corrupted by the arts of Pyrotechnists, and enamoured of their evil ways. I will give thee, therefore, to satisfy them, detailed instructions, as to a formal method of purification, which thou shalt communicate, and take heed that thou omittest not one process of the whole, nor addest aught thereto. By this thou shalt divert them from the false arts of Pyrotechny. An easy yoke have they despised and rebelled under, this burden, therefore, shall they bear, until my Reviver shall restore them to freedom! Arise now, approach and fear not! trim thy lamp at this naphtha spring, and revive it in the glow of this flame; fear not, the mortal portion of thy flame alone quails in the beam, which shall revive and increase its mithric qualities!

By the blaze it shall give shalt thou confound the utmost arts of the Pyrotechni, whose fires shall quail before it, even as thy lamp before me! Bring hither my Phosphori, that I may give them of this spring which I have purified, and what they take from hence shall not fail them until they arrive in the land of their fathers. Their light shall neither wax dim, nor be extinguished, unless they wilfully corrupt it. But take heed, that they seek not naphtha in the lands through which they shall pass, nor above all, presume to mix it with that which I shall give, for if they do, or attempt by pyrotechnic arts, in any degree to alter that which I shall give, they shall assuredly err by their false lights, and be precipitated into the regions of night, the portals of which yawn thickly along their way. But such as preserve my flame pure, such will I conduct in safety to the promised land." The voice ceased, and Protophos, for so was he called, trimmed and revived his lamp, as commanded, and returned to his tribe, to whom he communicated his mission, and then taking up his lamp, he repaired to the Pyrotechnic king, and de-

manded permission to lead his tribe to the naphtha fountain on the hill, that they might regain the pure fire.

But the king, in disdain, answered him angrily,—“Wherefore this idle pretence, are we here so ignorant that you cannot find naphtha as good among us, and fire of every hue? Have I not permitted you to burn your sickly lights even as you pleased? Be content, lest I send my red lights among you, to throw salt upon your puny flames!” Protophos replied, “Your fires, O king, are but false fires, and the light that they give is false! Behold this lamp of mine, refreshed with naphtha which Mithra’s self has purified, and burning with a lustre which he has communicated! You have no lights that can vie with this light, or that can even burn before it!” Then the king summoned the most skilful of his pyrotechnists, and they tried their utmost arts to produce the most brilliant lights; and brilliant lights they did produce, but none were pure; and when exposed to the lamp of Protophos, they faded, as earthly fires before the sun. The king astounded, cried,

“ Away ! go hence to your Mithra, whatever he be, quickly, lest we be all extinguished in that fearful blaze ! ” Protophos accordingly departed, and collecting his tribe, proceeded with them to the mountain where he had seen the vision. There was the naphtha spring, but the mithric flame was no longer there, but not far distant was a bright cloud of odoriferous smoke. For the lights of the assembled Phosphori were false and impure, and Mithra had veiled his face, and would not look upon them. But a voice was heard proceeding from the cloud, which said, “ Let them stand back from me, lest they be extinguished, for their lamps are defiled and their lights impure ! But let them approach the spring, and take of the naphtha to revive their light, and let them purify their lamps, that they burn clearly before me : but do thou, O Protophos, enter boldly behind my veil, and I will instruct thee ! ” Protophos entered and stood before the flame, and there lay before it a large golden lamp, on the top of which, from whence the flame should have issued, appeared a bright cloud, similar to that

in which he stood, and on the lamp were engraven numerous characters; and the voice said, "Behold this lamp, it shall be for you and your people an altar, a standard, and a guide. In it have I placed a portion of mithric fire, by which, as at the beginning, I will ever be specially present to you, to commune with you, to be your oracle, and to make you prosperous in all your undertakings. But, as at first, only so long as you remain faithful to my instructions. As then, this flame must be fed daily, during your journey, with the naphtha which I now supply, and which must be preserved with care. After your arrival in the promised land, it must be fed with naphtha purified according to the directions written on the lamp, and which must be scrupulously attended to. On it also are engraven all the laws and the statutes which I give you for the government of your tribe as my peculiar Phosphori, and which I will now proceed to explain to you." The voice then read and explained all the minute characters engraven on the lamp; and which Protophos found to embrace every necessary subject, and

in ample detail. This being ended, the voice said, "Take now this lamp which I have given you, and depart; to thy care I commit it! When thou wouldest commune with me, it shall be at the time of feeding the flame; this shall be done by thyself or thy successors only, and thine own lamp, and the lamps of those attending without, must be pure and bright, or I will not answer by fire! If impurity approach me, I will answer by a smoke, such as is recorded at the beginning, and it shall be a curse upon those who defile me. The fire in the lamp is mithric, and needs not the naphtha which thou art commanded to pour upon it; but such shall be accepted as a sacrifice of adoration, and if the sacrifice is pure, and your own lights white and steady, it will shine for an instant while I communicate with thee, but then instantly resume its veil. For to thine eye only will it appear; the time is not yet arrived, when I will unveil myself to all. At times, indeed, thy followers may hear my voice, and see the veil that shrouds me, but my face they must not see unveiled! As long as you observe my instructions and obey

them, it shall be well with you, and you shall prosper; but if the people shall, as at this moment, relapse into the use of pyrotechnic arts, and pollute or neglect the means I have given them, my smoke shall be upon them, causing a darkness, which the purest of your lights shall be unable to dispel, until all be again restored. Go now, hasten, for my Phosphori are becoming pyrotechnists while thou delayest! Extinguish such false lights as would corrupt them, and trust me to assist and direct thee, as I shall see fit."

Protophos then departed, and obeying correctly his instructions, led the Phosphori across a dark and desert part of the immense central plain, amid innumerable difficulties and dangers, until he arrived at the confines of their ancient land. Nothing but the power of Mithra himself could have preserved them through this dreadful pilgrimage: frightful chasms, truly denominated portals of darkness, yawned along their path. The corrupted Phosphori were inattentive to their lamps, nor would they obey the warnings of Protophos, and numbers of

unhappy stragglers fell a sacrifice to their rashness or neglect. The sacred lamp too, as had been foretold to Protophos, at various times emitted its terrible warnings in a black and noxious smoke, which smothered and extinguished many lights that had become corrupted, and were burning falsely; but that of Protophos and the major part being still pure and bright, it remained burning, and saved the wanderers from utter darkness, though their journey was considerably retarded. But, whatsoever the difficulties and dangers of the journey, they were, in effect, trifling to those which in the deceitful shapes of ease and pleasure, they were to encounter at its close; for it was with them, as with men of this world, who have ever found it far easier to be heroes than saints, and whose enthusiasm is far oftener capable of submitting to martyrdom, than of a patient and continued resistance to pleasurable temptations, especially when aided by the force of bad example.

Arrived at the confines of their ancient country, the Phosphori found the whole foot of the

sacred mountain occupied by various strange tribes, burning lamps and fires of every possible colour, as art or fancy dictated, or according to the prevalent impurities of their naphtha springs. The wick of Protophos's lamp being now burnt down, having assembled his followers upon an eminence which overlooked the promised land, and extending towards it his still brilliant flame, he thus addressed them : " Phosphori, my task is accomplished, behold the land of your fathers, which Mithra has promised, if you are faithful, shall again be yours ! The land, as you see, is occupied by pyrotechnic and false fires ; but if you will keep your own pure, and preserve inviolate the sacred lamp which Mithra himself has confided to your care, they shall fade before you, and you shall dwell unmolested in the land you now behold, around the foot of the throne of Mithra, and under his immediate protection. But forget not to observe, and keep inviolate, the directions which are engraven upon the sacred lamp, and in which I have instructed and exercised you. Call to mind the dangers and difficulties from which Mithra has

miraculously delivered you ; remember the gratitude and obedience you owe him for the same, and respect his power, for you have experienced how terrible as well as how kind he can be ! Thus shall he continue a loving father to the obedient, merciful to the repentant, but terrible indeed to the disobedient and regardless. The task that was assigned to me, I have fulfilled, the wick of my lamp is consumed, and I must leave you to commence my journey through the realms of night. My flame begins to sink, but it is unchanged in colour ; and though not, alas, perfectly smokeless, it is as pure as degraded Phosphorus can bear : thus keep your own, and prosper. Though I may no longer lead you, you shall not miss me, for Mithra himself is your guide ! Once more, beware of corrupt naphtha. Tamper not with pyrotechny, nor tolerate false lights among you ! Such are the injunctions you have received, and such the conditions of the promised protection of Mithra. If you fulfil them not, false lights and darkness shall prevail against you, and the sacred lamp itself, the visible type of the real though invisible

Mithra ; that lamp which, were you faithful, should be the earnest of your prosperity ; shall itself become your scourge. If you give timely heed to its warnings, you may indeed, as you have experienced heretofore, avert the last extremity of wrath ; but beware lest you provoke it too far, lest the day come, and come I foresee it will, when tired out by your incorrigible iniquity, this protecting spirit shall utterly exhale itself in a cloud so dark, that even the pure lights that may be still among you, shall be unable to withstand, and you shall wander among false lights in distant lands !”—“ O my loved companions, what mingled visions of glory and misfortune are flitting before my failing sight ! I see a mighty flame, steady, white, and brilliant,—it rolls along its smokeless course ! Glory to thee, Mithra, how beautiful is thy light ! They fade, they languish, the false fires expire before thee, and the whole country is illuminated ! But ha ! Sink, sink, oh my lingering lamp, darkness were more welcome to these eyes than what they now behold ! Merciful Mithra, it flares, it flickers, it assumes other hues than thine own ! Was it

thyself, and can wind agitate thee? Was it thyself, and wilt thou not purify? Alas, alas, a smoke begins to rise! The mighty flame is divided! One moment it mocks me with hope; again, it assumes a varied hue! Alas, it fades! it grows dimmer and dimmer! the smoke prevails, and all is darkening fast! Now, a mighty torrent of crimson flame overwhelms the whole! It is over! The Mithric flame is scattered in ten thousand portions! Again it unites, the red flame recedes! It is white, but unsteady, and seems struggling with smoke and darkness! —But,—what is that?—I see a portion of self-existing fire proceeding from out the veil of Mithra,—it joins the struggling flame, and shines in the midst of it, like a diamond in the midst of chrysolites; but it mixes not! It is gone, and all again is dark! I see it returning towards the Fire-throne, it penetrates the cloud veil! Great Mithra, what light is this? The veil closes not around its entrance, and Mithra is revealed!—It was the Reviver, I see! I see! It is accomplished, and now I come!—”

As Protophos ceased, his lamp which had been

gradually getting lower, flared up as he spoke the last words, and then sinking for ever, vanished into darkness. No sooner was Protophos departed, than, according to his injunctions, his successor, by appointment to the chieftainship of the Phosphori, reminding them of the promises of Mithra, and the parting injunctions of their late revered leader, collected his most brilliant lights around the sacred lamp, and proceeded straightway into the country before him. Dazzled and confused, the false lights fled before him, or if they dared abide the presence of the sacred lamp, quailed and expired before its veiled lustre ; for though, as heretofore, its flame appeared not but at the moment of supplying it with naphtha, and then only for an instant to the eye of the officiating minister alone, yet the very cloud that enveloped it was of a brightness, and imparted a brilliancy to the white lamps around it, that no false light could withstand. As in the vision of Protophos, the mighty flame rolled onward, and the land was illuminated by its all-powerful radiance. Too soon, however, was the first sad change in that vision made

manifest ; for, scarcely had the Phosphori sat down in quiet possession, relieved from the dread of immediate peril, and the necessity of active exertion, than this perverse and foolish race began first to relax in their efforts at purifying the naphtha they were now obliged to seek, and next, as if tired of the monotony of their brilliant but unvarying lights, to be childishly pleased with the variations produced by their neglect. Then, not content with this, many began to omit altogether any attempts at purification, the color of their flames being regarded with heedless curiosity by their companions. Many next proceeded to enquire into the pyrotechnic arts of the surrounding tribes, and to make experiments upon various naphtha springs. All this while the cloud veil of the sacred lamp had been thickening around it. The flame was rarely visible to the officiating priest, and the voice, hitherto so clear and placid, had become indistinct, with ever and anon a muttered word of threatening import. But, all this the abandoned Phosphori heeded not. They perceived not the encreasing darkness, until suddenly the

false fires that had sunk before them reappeared, and every naphtha spring burst out afresh into flames of various hue. The lamps of the Phosphori were too feeble to contend with them, and the triumphant Pseudophosei returned to their respective fires, each one of which they denominated Mithra. The Phosphori themselves were staggered by the circumstance, and began to waver in their faith; but the chiefs becoming alarmed, decided at last upon bringing forward the sacred lamp. Veiled as it was, however, in black smoke, which the imperfect lights which surrounded it were unable to dispel, it not only had no effect upon the fires it was opposed to, but gave out so much smoke, that its very bearers were obliged to abandon it. The Pseudophosei however, unappalled by darkness, seized upon the prize, and bore it off in triumph to a neighbouring mountain, from the summit of which, as in derision of Mithra himself, blazed an enormous colored fire. Before this they set it down as a votive trophy; but no sooner had they done so, than the mighty flame sank down, and expired in so thick and pestilential a smoke

as blasted their whole land, and threatened their very lamps with extinction. They relighted the flame, but again the same result. Terrified at this, the Pseudophosei resolved to rid themselves of so dangerous a booty, and restored the lamp to its former possessors, who, recalled for a while to their senses by the threatening events that had occurred, had recommenced purifying their naphtha according to the directions of Protophos, and the sacred lamp received among congenial lights, gradually dispersed its cloud of black smoke, and again the land was purged of Pseudophosean flames.

Warned by recent misfortune the Phosphori generally became more cautious, and though the sacred lamp was far from being always smokeless, yet, heeding its threatenings in time, they contrived to avert any very signal judgment, and times of prosperity succeeded. All went on tolerably well, until Saphos, a mighty chief under whom the Phosphori had reached the utmost pitch of their prosperity, rendered heedless by his fancied security, and presumptuous by his reputation and power, which he forgot was

the gift alone of Mithra, dared to profane the sacred fire. Under him the Phosphori who had hitherto been forbidden to raise any public flame in honour of their God, obtained leave from the oracle, to burn one in the Fire-temple they were then first permitted to erect, as an earnest of their complete and settled establishment in the land. The vase was prepared and the naphtha purified, and, at the prayer of the chief, a flash proceeded from the sacred lamp, and enflamed it. The Phosphori were amazed and delighted. The flame was kept burning bright and pure, and every thing prospered, until, like a second Aphos, the demented chief, in a fit of intoxication resulting from neglect of the caution of Protophos, to have no intimacy with pyrotechnists or pseudophosei of any kind, madly cast a pyrotechnic powder upon the flame. The instant repentance of the offender staid indeed for awhile the smoke which began to rise in volumes from the sacred lamp, but its cloud veil brightened not again. From that fatal moment it was dark, and the voice within was hushed for ever. The lamp of Saphos burned out.

That of his successor assumed pseudophosean colour. Then came the time when Protophos had seen the flame divide : for schism and rebellion had crept in among them under cover of the darkness. Another lamp was advanced, and the tribe of Phosphori was rent into two separate factions ; but, alas, neither of them maintained the cause of truth, for the lamp of the second chief was coloured like the first, and the Phosphori followed the fatal example of their chiefs. At times, indeed, chiefs arose of better mind, and the lights of either party rallied for the moment, but ever sank back again into colour and obscurity. The sacred lamp remained dark and silent, but its black smoke was rising gradually, though unheeded. Silent and dark, however, as was his magic lamp, Mithra forgot not his Phosphori even in this their obstinate rebellion, but sent among them, as he had promised, glorious lights ; faithful Phosphori, who having kept his laws, had, like Protophos, received upon their lamps his rekindling ray. Through them he uttered his counsels and his warnings. They pointed to the smoke ascend-

ing from the sacred lamp, and called to the deluded Phosphori to be timely wise. They showed them their true light, but were unheeded. They warned them, that, in the universal corruption, they should not even recognise the Reviver, and that rejected by them, he should carry his light into other lands, and that Mithra would utterly desert them ! But it was all in vain, they would not see, they would not hear ! Until again the black cloud of smoke had enveloped them, and all was gloom ; when suddenly a torrent of crimson flame, bursting from a distant mountain, the abode of a powerful tribe of pyrotechnists, overwhelmed and scattered them. The sacred essence of Mithra had exhaled itself from his lamp ; the lamp itself was lost ; the vase of mithric fire extinguished and gone, and the Fire-temple destroyed. Thus, at length, this perverse and incorrigible race, accomplishing the prophetic bodings of Protophos, having driven Mithra from his residence among them, and abandoned to the sole light of their own corrupted lamps, could no longer vie with the large and pyrotechnic fires of the Pseu-

dophosei, and must have sunk rapidly into a worse state even than that from which Protophos had been sent to deliver them; but that the indulgent Mithra, ever mindful of those who had in any degree preserved his light from the beginning, and of his promise, never utterly to forsake them; again singling out from among them certain lamps that had best preserved their purity, he refreshed them by a beam of his own immortal flame, that they might serve as standards and beacons to his Phosphori, lest they should lose all remembrance of his light, and that attracted by the beauty and power of these, they might again studiously apply themselves to his service, and thereby prepare themselves for the deliverance he meditated. He gave these also favour among the powerful chiefs of the Pseudophosei, who struck with their superior brilliancy and power, and charmed by the novelty of the flame, began to treat them with a consideration which soon roused the jealousy of the professors of pyrotechny, who insisted that these foreign lights should be made conformable to the prevailing colours of the great fire of the

place. But this the Phosphori resolutely refusing, the enraged Pyrotechnists forcibly cast their chemical colouring on their lamps, but without effect ; though the wicks were but mortal the flame had received the mithric ray, and could be defiled only by the act of the possessor, and the impurities thus forcibly applied to them were instantaneously expelled, in a cloud of smoke, which polluted only the defilers. Madened by their failure, the Pseudophosei seized on some, and threw them into the midst of their false fire ; but as unable to endure the presence of the superior element, the pseudophosean flame shrank from them, emitting clouds of sulphureous vapour, which utterly choked and extinguished numbers of the false lights around, while the conquering symbol of Mithra remained unextinguished and unclouded. These miracles, added to the advantages found to result from the superior and steadier brilliancy of their flames, at length had their due effect upon the Pseudophosean chiefs, who withdrawing their coloured fires from the land, again permitted the Phosphori to assemble, and refound

their Fire-temple. But, alas, how changed ! They had, indeed, the likeness of all that had been before there ; they had, too, a likeness of the sacred lamp, and around its top a screen ; but Mithra was not visibly therein. The Phosphori, however, taught prudence by misfortune, had returned in great measure to their obedience, and Mithra blessed their undertaking, and all again was peace, if not prosperity. The flame kept burning before the symbol of the sacred lamp was pure, and their own lamps, if not for the most part steady and smokeless, were white, or but very slightly tinged. This important point at least seemed now accomplished, that the reassembled Phosphori, one and all, no longer doubted of the superiority and true colour of the mithric flame ; and every thing, in the slightest degree savouring of pyrotechny, was utterly discountenanced and abandoned. Fatal experience had convinced them thus far, and reflection, aided by the divinely illumined lamps that Mithra had sent and continued to send among them, produced, in many, the further conviction, that purity, steadiness, and brilliancy

were essential to secure the real favour of their God. But this, alas, was not generally the case, for the majority of the Phosphori, although they acknowledged and indeed zealously contended for the white flame, contented themselves with a mere literal obedience to the forms prescribed, without attending to the object of the directions. Their lights, in consequence, though all affected whiteness, were dim and smoky; and not wholly without varying shades of colour, but this was merely the effect of inattention, never of design, for none now dared to dispute the truth. The natural effect, however, of this state of things, was to produce a very general misconception of the truth. Mithra was indeed acknowledged, but they understood him not. Whiteness and size were alone thought of. Steadiness and brilliancy were forgotten; as with their first parents, who vainly imagined by encreasing its size, they were giving additional value to their frontal star. This fatal error was indeed the rock on which they were destined ultimately to split. The Mithric guides which had been supplied to them, had warned them repeatedly of

this error; and many, especially in the latter periods, had adverted to the promised Reviver; and, in prophetic visions, described his appearance in terms which, but for this fatal prepossession, could hardly have been mistaken. But so, alas, it was. Time rolled on, and error, neglect, and consequent dimness kept encreasing, till it was too plain that nothing but some signal interposition of Mithra could save the world from darkness. At length the time of accomplishment drew near: such lights as had been kept really pure and brilliant throughout the land, shone with a peculiar ray, as if they already felt the influence of the Reviver, and all was intense expectation. But the deluded Phosphori looked only for a mighty flame, borne by a Phosphorus with fiery brow; which, like the sacred lamp of Protophos, should, but with unveiled splendour, reveal itself as all-subduing Mithra: which, extinguishing all other fires before it, should at once establish them in entire and peaceable possession of the sacred mountain; and that the whole centre should, with one consent, acknowledge their superiority. Like Aphos

they would become as gods, and in their absurd visions of glory and splendour, they despised their humble though brilliant star. Rumours were now afloat, of a star having been seen to proceed from out the veil of Mithra, and to descend upon a particular spot which had been foretold as the very place where the Reviver should first appear; and that in a family, of whom it had also been foretold that among them should the Reviver arise, a child had been born, the mark in whose forehead was of a peculiar brightness, and whose lamp no central flame had lighted. Numbers went to ascertain the fact, and some, whose lamps were of the purest, observing them to burn brighter in his presence, believed. But nothing of a public nature occurring, the whole passed over as a nine day's tale; though the hopes of many were excited, all went on as heretofore, and nothing appeared to excite particular notice.

* Effluence of that flame whose creative power had first called the Centre into light and

* John i.

life, whose light had in the beginning been communicated pure to all, shone from its cloud-veiled throne, to enlighten a benighted world. But the darkness was of the smoke of corruption, and even the created of light knew not their parent flame. It was around them ; it alleviated their gloom ; they existed but by its influence, yet they knew it not. The principle of this light was from the beginning with Mithra, it was his Essence, it was Himself. It visited the vale of gloom, burning within the brow of mortal Phosphorus, and was manifested upon his lamp ; where its glory was evident, as the glory emanant of Mithra, radiating purity and truth. It offered itself to its chosen, and they would not receive it : but such as would acknowledge and receive it, it enabled to resume their star of immortality, and become again the Phosphori of Mithra. The manner of its appearance was thus : on a desert spot, some distance from the Fire-temple, was a naphtha spring, celebrated for peculiar purity. At this spring, a young Phosphorus, the singular brilliancy of whose lamp bore evidence of the mithric ray, had taken his stand

for some time, and calling to all passers by, invited them to cleanse their lamps, and retrim them at this spring; crying, "Cleanse and retrim your lamps, O Phosphori, for the Reviver is at hand! He is even among you, and you know him not. Prepare! Prepare!" Numbers obeyed the call; but the chiefs treated it with contempt. One day, a youth of noble form, the mark in whose forehead was of a bright red, having in his hand a lamp of graceful form though of ordinary materials, whose flame, though not large, was of an extraordinary and very peculiar brightness; and what had never, since the fall, been seen, perfectly steady and smokeless, approached the spring and demanded naphtha. The guardian of the spring gazed on him with astonished reverence, and advancing his lamp, its flame quailed to the very socket. Bowing to the ground, he answered, "It is of thee that I must demand purification, for my light must fade before thine." But the youth replied, "Let it be as I have requested, for it is decreed that I must receive of thy naphtha ere my lamp can attain its proper brilliancy."

The obedient guardian then poured his naphtha on the flame, which encreasing in size and brightness, instead of smoke as was usual, emitted aromatic odors, similar to what had been recorded of the flame at the foot of the Fire-throne ere yet defiled; and a beam of light darting through the distant veil of Mithra, shone full upon the brow of the youth, and was met there by another scarcely less brilliant, for the three pointed star of Mithra was there intensely visible, and proclaimed the Reviver.

The beam was withdrawn, the star again was veiled, but the form which had been lost since the fatal deed of Aphos, was restored, and the three points of glowing crimson were well and distinctly defined.

Having thus again as it were resumed his mortal form, that of Triphos, the child of whose birth such rumours had before gone abroad, He left the spring, and proceeded alone to a distant and deserted part of the mountain, to concert with himself as to the mode of commencing and prosecuting his important mission*. It was a

* Matt. iv. Mark. i. Luke iv.

cheerless and gloomy spot, where, as if concealed by the very shadow of the Fire-throne, though so near the source of light, that darkness had dared intrude, so thick and powerful, that the mithric flame alone which shone in the lamp of Triphos, could have been able to withstand it. But that flame was now burning upon a mortal wick, had been fed by mortal naphtha, and required to be resupplied. Expire it might not, but no supply was at hand, and, lacking nourishment, it grew low, and darkness pressed sore around his mortal frame, while thus he communed with himself. What should he do? should he unveil his beaming brow, and dispel at once the obtrusive shade? No! it might not be! Mithra had declared he would not yet shine unveiled in darkness; the time was not yet arrived when his glory should be made manifest. The lamp he carried, had it not been self-lighted from that very brow, and in that brow was there not self-existing Mithra? Darkness might environ, but could not prevail against it! He cast his eyes around, and saw glowing in distance the numerous fires of the Pseudophosei, proud

and mighty flames, burning strongly and powerfully, as if in rivalry of Mithra's self. For this, might he not unveil his brow, descend at once among the Phosphori, and stand confessed in their Fire-temple, the mighty and conquering flame that they expected? What evils, what miseries to himself and to them might be thus spared? Surrounded by his grateful and adoring nation, the whole centre should at once feel his all-powerful light, and Mithra be no longer mocked by the foul fires, which now polluted the very precincts of his sacred throne! Visions glorious, though the offspring of surrounding darkness, which thus near was permitted to approach the light! Had his lamp borne aught but what was essentially mithric, had it ever been defiled by, or could it admit of, impurity; had not indeed Mithra's self burned behind his glowing star, though veiled to outward sight; the temptation, supported as it was by all the subtilties of clouded reasoning, must have been triumphant. His lamp indeed was low, darkness was around him, but inwardly all was light, the mithric blaze glowed through its mortal veil,

and darkness, though it surrounded, touched him not. He was at once resolved!—such was not the will of Mithra! and he tarried not to tamper with temptation. “No,” he cried, “the coloured gleams of yon fictitious fires shall not outshine my lamp, feeble as it now appears, for they are not of Mithra, darkness shall swallow them up, but my light shall overcome it! All those who know Mithra will recognise him on my lamp, and will acknowledge his signet on my brow! To them who will not know him, he will not reveal himself! His brightness might indeed dazzle, but itself even could not convince them; servants of darkness they are, and if when they can gaze undazzled, they will not acknowledge him, when dazzled, let them veil their eyes in darkness, for they love not, they cannot bear the light! They alone, within whose brows the last remaining spark of mithric fire is not wholly changed, can bear his light! The office assigned to me is, not either violently to extinguish, or violently to renew, but to revive this spark with gentle breath, and by supplying such portions of Mithra to their lamps as shall raise

it gently into flame ! Individually it must operate, and each revival of this spark shall be a greater triumph to my father Mithra who sent me, than the extinguishing yon false fires, or dispelling this darkness, which needs but one slight ray for its accomplishment !”

“ * Oh Father Mithra, all glorious, all pervading light, from the very bosom of thy beaming orb, whence thou illuminest the superior worlds of day, hast thou, in the beginning, detached the flame that now burns within me, essence of thine essence, light of thy light, to do thy will, and reveal thee amid the gloom of central darkness. As then, in splendor and glory blazing unveiled from thy central throne, so now for the revival of thy light, obscured within the brow of mortal Phosphorus, shall it do thine errand ! All here thou hast indeed committed to my guidance, even to wielding the powers of thine again unveiled flame : but at thy will was it veiled, and at thy will alone may it be unveiled ! In me now thou hast veiled thyself in mortal form, that undazzling thou mightest

* John xvii.

commune with mortals, and without trenching upon the free will which from the beginning thou hast granted to them, lead them back gently to the ways of truth, teaching them to know and to love thy light, that they may be rendered worthy to become denizens of upper day! But thy flame, though for a season veiled, is unchanged, a part and portion of thyself, it knows thy will, and that will shall be performed! Thyself hath veiled it on my brow, and as thou wouldst, alone shall it be revealed! As thou hast ordained, so shall my mission be performed! But, oh my Father, as thou hast willed that thus within the form of created Phosphorus, thy flame be subjected for a period to central darkness, invigorate with thy power the lamp which thou hast given me, and whereon alone I may yet exhibit thee, that it may do thine office faithfully, till the hour when, all being accomplished, this mortal veil shall be withdrawn, and I shall exhibit thee, the conqueror of darkness, to the eyes of thy faithful Phosphori, and penetrating the veil of thy central fire, admit the ray of thy favour to shine upon this regenerated world."

He ceased, and a stream of light, issuing from the Fire-throne, fell upon his lamp, which burned up as if retrimmed with purest naphtha, and Triphos descended to the abodes of the Phosphori. He appeared in the Fire-temple, and the superior brilliancy of his light soon attracted attention; but the flame being of no extraordinary size, nor the materials of the lamp itself costly, those that bore such soon turned from him with contempt: but those of a similar class flocked about him with eager curiosity and admiration, and soon emboldened by his kindness and affability, numbers expressed an earnest desire to learn how they might purify their lights to become like his. It soon became apparent that this was no ordinary teacher, and his light no common light, for however foul or damaged might be any lamp that was brought to him, it needed but a touch of his flame, and all was, for the time, pure and bright again. He represented to them how great was the obscurity in which they dwelt, he warned them that the time was come when the promised revelation of Mithra was to be accomplished, and that if they would

not be left in darkness, they must begin to purify their lamps in good earnest. They flocked about him indeed, admiring the brilliancy of his flame, and marvelling at the wonders it performed; they were struck with the words he uttered, but their own lamps were dim, and their sight corrupted, and they understood not how so small a lamp could be the lamp of the Reviver. They confounded size of flame with intensity of light, and heeded not the truth. Some however there were, whose lights were of the purest, who at once suspected the truth; they gazed, they listened, they were convinced. Of these he permitted several to devote themselves to his service, and taking them apart by themselves, he led them up the sacred mountain towards the foot of the Fire-throne, and praying before it, suddenly a ray flashed from its veiled summit, and fell upon his brow, and as before at the naphtha spring, that brow was unveiled, and glowing with revealed Mithra. The flame on the lamps of his companions quailed to their sockets, and they bowed themselves before him to the ground. Then veiling again his star, and

allowing their lamps to burn up, he reassured them, bidding them be of good cheer, for Mithra by special favour had revealed himself to them, and they were under his immediate protection. He charged them not to publish what they had seen, until they had received his permission to do so, as the vision had been granted only for their own particular assurance. He then re-descended the mountain, and finding a crowd assembled, seeking him, he thus addressed them. "How long, O Phosphori, will you shut your eyes to the truth ; was it not enough, that at the beginning your disobedience should have caused the almighty Mithra to veil his radiant countenance, that you must also refuse to see him, when in accomplishment of his gracious purpose he condescends to show himself? You know him not ; not that he is non-apparent, but that your own inward light, which alone could enable you to recognize him, is dim, even nigh to extinction. Know ye not, O Phosphori, that the fire originally lighted within you was immortal, and although defiled and debased by your transgressions, is not even now extinct! Know then,

with it alone, such as it may be at the moment of your entering the realms of night, must you traverse those gloomy regions, that light your sole guide; take heed, therefore, that that light is good! What that light may be, can be known only by the flame of your lamps, for the one will correspond with the other*. It is in vain that you call yourselves Phosphori, that your tribe have been so long depositaries of the true light, if you bear it not pure as it was given to you. Vain shall be the directions of Protophos, if you, for the purification of your naphtha, follow, like the great among you, merely the forms that he has given, without studying to understand them, and to make them the means of attaining that object for which they were given, the purification of your flame. Heed me, for it is but too true what I tell you, that unless your lights shall exceed in goodness the lights of those pretenders whom you are accustomed to admire, they will be insufficient to withstand darkness, much less can they withstand the blaze of upper day, to which they must be exposed,

* Matt. vii. 22, 23. Luke xi. 34, 35, 36.

and dazzled and confounded, you will sink back into cheerless night. Day must be the unerring test, for Mithra alone can meet Mithra when he appears in his glory, and Mithra you cannot have, unless he himself shall give it to you, and he will give it if you will receive it. Think not O Phosphori, that I speak against the revelation of your founder, Protaphos, I but come according to, and for the purpose of confirming that revelation; to teach you its realities, and its import. If you understood Protaphos, you would know me, and such of you as have rightly comprehended him, already recognize me, the rest recognize me not, because, having but mechanically obeyed his law, their own lights are dim, or having perverted it they are corrupted. You say that the flame of Mithra is a pure, steady, and smokeless flame. You are right! What is your experience of it? You know its goodness inasmuch as it dispels darkness, thus is its reality manifested to you, and its light is true, and deceives not! Can then Mithra be false to himself, and bless the flame that gives not light? Observe then carefully those who would lead

you ! Do you admire them for their gilded and ornamented lamps ; Pseudophosei have also golden lamps, as highly ornamented ! Is it size of flame you prize ? Pyrotechnists can show as large a flame ! But, they are colorless ! True, they affect whiteness, and therein consists their only likeness to Mithric flame ! The God of their bearers is vanity, not Mithra ! They indeed regularly trim their lamps, and perform outwardly, and ostentatiously, that they may the better deceive you, all the purifications commanded by Protophos, but they bear not in mind the reason for which these were commanded. Their end is to gain, not the approval of Mithra, by making the light that he has commanded, but to gain honor from you, and they have the reward they seek ! but light is not in them, because they have not sought light. Light is the result, not so much of the size as of the purity and steadiness of flame. If a lamp gives not light, its end is not answered, and as a lamp it is worthless ! Judge of each therefore by the light it gives, and every one that gives not true and steady light, be sure is not of Mithra. Be not

deceived, if your lights are not true and steady here, be assured, they cannot profit you in the realms of darkness! Before the face of day the brightest must be dim, and woe unto all such as proceeds from untruthful flame, for there must truth be made manifest, where truth alone can live. Remember the light within, that light which will be your only guide in the regions of darkness, corresponds with the light without; if then the wick of your lamp be occupied by false flame which perishes, what shall remain to light you through the realms of night? —Come unto me, all you who, perceiving that you are in darkness, desire light, and I will give you of the light of truth. But beware, when you have received it, that you yourselves render not the gift nugatory; for I tell you fairly, not every one who shall receive it of me, shall be saved from darkness, but such only, as strive well and really to maintain it, and from them it shall not depart, no accident, no violence shall rob them of it, for the light shall be in themselves, and darkness, even in its own kingdom, shall be dispelled before it! But the careless and per-

verse receive the gift in vain ; Mithra will not mingle with their impurities, or be subservient to other ends than his own ; but will leave them in greater even than their original darkness ! They may deceive themselves, but Mithra they cannot deceive ! before his unveiled brow no false fire can exist, and when these approach the portals that lead from the regions of darkness into upper light, the Daybeam shall discover them, for then shall the flame which they flattered themselves was mithric, fade from before it, and they shall appear before the face of Mithra without their sign, and dazzled and confounded by the ray to which they cannot answer, they shall rush back into the realms of night, and call upon darkness to shelter them from the overpowering blaze. In vain then would they call upon me to help them, saying, ‘ Did we not renew our lamp at thy flame, did we not acknowledge and extol it, did we not even use the fire received, for the revival of other lamps in thy name ? ’ for I will answer, where is then the sign of Mithra on your brows ? away ! sons of darkness, I know ye not !—But with such as

shall have preserved my flame, it shall be far otherwise, it shall receive and mingle with its kindred ray, to them, the light shall be as a regaining of their natural element, for they are the children of Mithra, and as such will he receive them into worlds of light where neither smoke or darkness can intrude ! Judge then yourselves while yet you may, judge and spare not ! for the test of day is unerring and unsparing, and happy those who shall be prepared to abide it ! The true flame gives no smoke, and neither flares nor flickers by any exposure, but gives ever the same pure and steady lustre ! By this shall you know it, and better will it be for you to bear but a spark of such fire in the plainest lamp, than a furnace of central flame in a vase of gold ! The great among you who would have themselves supposed the favored servants of Mithra, carry large lamps splendidly ornamented, and giving out large white flames, that you may admire them ! but be not deceived by this display, for what are these but Pseudophosei, professing themselves indeed followers of Protophos, but straining his laws into pyrotechny, and rendering the gracious di-

rections of Mithra ineffectual, by their perversions? But you must not resemble them, your lamps must be so kept as to please the eye of Mithra, not his creatures, and they can only please him by answering the purpose for which he gave them in the beginning, that, namely, of diffusing his own peculiar light! Not that he needs that light, for he himself is light! but you need it, and Mithra in his wisdom and mercy, has so ordained it, that in serving him you shall most effectually serve yourselves, for his will and pleasure, his object, is your welfare and happiness, and to that end are all his laws directed! By performing them in spirit and in truth, you will not only gain his temporal blessing of light here, but be rendered capable of mingling with the denizens of upper day! By long neglect and accumulated impurity, the wicks, indeed the very flame burning on your lamps is become corrupted, so that revival were impossible by your unassisted efforts. You cannot entirely distinguish the true from the false, but I am commissioned to remedy this defect! The flame here offered to you is from Mithra's self, and by

reviving your lamps at this, all their original impurities shall be thereby dispelled, and it shall need but care and attention to keep them perfect, for the sacred flame once received, shall be sufficient to itself if you corrupt it not! As you tend it so shall it burn; if diligently, bright and well, but if you persist in neglecting or corrupting it, it will abandon you! Persevere then, steadily, my beloved fellow Phosphori, each in his own amended course, not envying or accusing one another, or aiming at aught but the purification, to real utility, of your lamps, but assisting and encouraging each other, that, when you shall appear before the face of Mithra, you may be able to meet him with his own flame, and be recognized by him, as you have recognised him here!" Thus he spoke, and his audience was deeply moved. They felt the truth of what they had heard, they regarded his humble lamp, and the unwonted clearness of its modest flame, they gazed upon his benignant brow, through the vivid, and clearly defined signet of which, the inward flame seemed as if struggling to penetrate, and the darkest received a glimmering

of the divine light, and at least felt the anxious doubting that precedes belief.

Thus day by day did Triphos, earnest in his mission, proceed from place to place, teaching his doctrine, exhibiting his mithric lamp, and urging the Phosphori to the revival of their faded or corrupted lights. All such as still retained a portion of original mithric fire, felt the influence of his light, acknowledged the Reviver, and casting off their impurities and corruptions, came humbly to crave a portion of his flame, to renew their languid remnant. But not these alone felt the truth, for many unwillingly perceived, though they refused to acknowledge it, and as it were closed their eyes against the light which still glared through their eyelids. Others yet more utterly corrupted, saw, but by the false glare of their own lamps, whose smoke and colour in their eyes, perverted even the purity of Mithra, and they felt not his presence. The threat uttered by the former prophets against the corruptions of the Phosphori of their day, had now come to pass with their descendants, and though Mithra had appeared

among them, they recognized him not, for they had lost their very clue to recognition; and their very ideas concerning his expected appearance, were half borrowed from, and confused with the false grandeur of pyrotechnic fires. They forgot the purity of Mithra, while they acknowledged his omnipotence, and in attributing to him powers, which seemed to them in their worldly observation, to be attributes of colored flames, they half decided that the Reviver must partake of the color of those flames, whose attributes they chose to fancy he would exhibit. But that he should appear without overwhelming size, and splendour, and without the visible attributes they had given to colors, they could not and would not believe. Thus the first of these doubting classes, when they saw the humble flame of Triphos, though they felt its fatal truth, they felt still more keenly the disappointment of their erroneous expectations, and though their eyes acknowledged, their hearts rejected the evidence of their senses. Their God in fact as Triphos had said of them, was Vanity not Mithra. As for the latter class, they could nei-

ther hear nor see, they knew not, and cared not for Mithra, and neither sought, nor would accept his assistance, but upon their own terms. As to the flame of Triphos, if Mithra it were, they wanted no such Mithra, and the idea of revival by it they rejected with scorn, scarcely mixed with anger. For such as these, the Reviver might have run his course unheeded, if not unknown. His inoffensive and unassuming lamp gave forth its own steady lustre, ever ready to assist and enlighten those who sought its light, but obtruding itself nowhere. Its unobtrusiveness however, could not protect it against the active malice of the former class. They saw but would not perceive, they felt but would not acknowledge the frustration of their ambitious expectations ; their professed God Mithra, and their real God Vanity, were in direct rivalry before them ; the former had disappointed their impious hopes in not becoming subservient to the latter, nay more, in refusing to tolerate him, in commanding the utter extinction of his rival. This was too much, and God as they called Mithra, they could not obey him. Yet as it has

ever been with men of this world under similar circumstances of wavering allegiance, though they hesitated not to disregard the command they could not reasonably doubt, yet fear and ancient habit made them hesitate to proclaim a direct breach. Open rebellion against Mithra they would not avow, the God of their hearts, their darling Vanity, they could not renounce. What could they do then, but pretend to disbelieve the authority of a mandate they felt so well inclined to doubt? The bearer of unwelcome tidings is ever an object of dislike, and on him, consequently, was vented their disappointment. They professed to consider him an impostor, and proceeded accordingly, endeavouring by every artifice to make him appear such, but in vain! The pure and changeless flame steadily shone upon them with resistless ray, before which their large but flickering lamps, were as blazing logs to a brilliant gas-light, and they could not stand before him. His light served but to expose their darkness, and they shrank abashed from the contrast.

The merciless yet effortless light left not un-

exposed the slightest imperfection obtruded in its ray, the very gilding of their false lamps, which had passed for beautiful in the obscurity of their own light, was, by it, shewn forth in all its tinsel worthlessness. Enraged the more by their failures, their malice encreased as all pretence for it vanished. They had seen themselves in the light of truth; the view was disagreeable, but their anger, due to their own imperfections, was turned against that light which exposed those imperfections. Hence they hated the light, and resolved upon its extinction. To this effect they proceeded openly to demand of Triphos that, if he really was the promised Reviver, he should publicly declare himself: thinking, thereby, to raise against him the more powerful party, who had not yet deigned to notice him. He calmly answered, "Why should I declare myself farther than I have done; would you, who see my light, and believe it not, be more credulous to my word, than to your own hearts and eyes? Look to the flame of my lamp; see if that is good; has it not come, and is it not before you, exactly as

has been foretold of it by the prophetic lights of former days ; whom you yourselves profess to acknowledge as having been sent by Mithra for your instruction ? Search the records they have left, for therein do they testify of me, that you might know me ! By my light I would be judged ; if I give not superior light, believe me not ! if my light is not steady and smokeless, it is not of Mithra ! If your lights were really mithric, they would acknowledge the congenial flame ! But because they are not mithric, because you have falsified and corrupted them, they acknowledge not mine ; neither would they, were I now to tear away the veil from my brow : for if you cannot recognize Mithra on this lamp, neither would you, if he appeared shining from my forehead : you know him not at all, or you would know him wherever he appeared !”

They replied, “ but if thou art the Reviver promised to us by Mithra, and if thou, as thou wouldst have us believe, really bearest the flame of Mithra, arise ! seest thou not the pseudophoscean fires that surround us ? Go, expose thy

lamp before them, and let them vanish from the land ; then will we believe that thou art indeed of Mithra !” He answered, “ Thus it is that you deceive yourselves ; you know not me, nor understand the objects of my mission ! Thus now you would tempt me, not in zeal for the cause of Mithra, but that you seek the extinction of the light you hate ; and for those who choose darkness rather than light, darkness must be their portion * ! I am not sent to extinguish, but to revive ! Mithra condescends not to be your servant, He is your God, and will be obeyed ere he will favor ! Have you not heard that the sacred lamp given to Protophos was rendered powerless when your lamps accorded not with its flame ? How it abandoned your fathers when they forsook it ? Thus it must still be, Mithra works his own ends in his own way ; and his ends and his way are good ! If you will go with him, it is well : but if you will not, He will leave you to the darkness which you seek ! In vain would you ar-

* Luke ix. 56.

rest his progress, or dim his lustre ! The light which he has given to me I offer to you, but you will not have it, because you love darkness. My light, indeed, your rejection cannot extinguish, nor your corruptions sully * ; burn it will, in your despite, though it burns not for you ! In Mithra's own time, before the light of this, now in your eyes, feeble lamp, shall the mighty fires of the Pseudophosei fade, and its light, the light of Mithra, pervade the central world ! But you shall be left to the darkness you have chosen, because you refuse to acknowledge the light which in your hearts you know is truth ! Think not that because you would be blind, that Mithra is also blind. Your evasions may deceive each other, may deceive yourselves ; but Mithra, the all-seeing Mithra, cannot be deceived ! You may quench his light within yourselves, but he cannot be diminished thereby, and where he lists he will shine ! You have said, that my flame is pyrotechnic ; what then was the flame of Protophos ; what all those you

* Mark xxi. 43.

have acknowledged as mithric ; what description have they left of the mithric flame ; what are those of the present time, which you deny not ? Pyrotechny may produce a dazzling brilliancy, but has it ever produced a steady, clear, and enduring flame ? Can any one witness against me, that I have used other processes than those commanded by your law ; have I not scrupulously performed these ? and to what effect ? Behold the light * ! you well know that it is real, though you will not acknowledge it !” They could not answer him, and none dared further argument.

But their pride and their vanity were not subdued, and they would not acknowledge him, but sought the more to depreciate and to extinguish the light they dared not openly face. Triphos continued his course for some time unmolested, and convinced many of the truth, every day adding to his converts. His success, as his exertions, however, had been confined chiefly to lamps of his own class, and his im-

* John vii. 20.

mediate followers were all of this caste. Larger and more richly ornamented lamps had, indeed, in some instances, been attracted by his brightness; but, upon near approach, for the most part either turned away in cold disdain at the inferior size and material of the vaunted lamp, or in anger at being out-shone, and the falsity of their cherished flame exposed by its unexpected superiority. On one occasion, however, it happened, that one of these of unusual purity approached, and appeared for an instant to accord with the flame of Triphos: the Phosphorus admitting at once his inferiority, and requesting that his flame might be made mithric like that of Triphos, and himself be received among his immediate followers. Triphos answered, "If thou really wishest what thou hast requested, doff from thy lamp all that is there to attract mortal eyes; reduce thy aspiring flame, and, with a plain lamp, and flame of less imposing height, join my humble suit; and what thou mayst appear to lose in size of flame, shall be made up to thee in mithric light." The weak flame, which had hitherto stood in seeming

purity before the mithric lamp, here faded in the intensity of its ray; and the appalled possessor retreated in despair from his presence. Would Mithra have been contented with divided allegiance, he was ready to have given it; but exclusive allegiance he was not prepared to give, though he knew it not until proved. Triphos was moved, for he had seen that the flame was pure, though weak, and needed but the mithric ray. Turning to his followers, he sorrowfully exclaimed, "As well might one endeavour to burn sand for naphtha, as to raise mithric flame on these golden lamps." Astonished, they repeated, "How then can they be revived?" But he added, "Yet so it shall be, hopeless as the project may appear; even this is not beyond the power of reviving light, and the spires of vanity, which now rise so certainly from these splendid lamps, shall, by its influence, be reduced, and they shall no longer disdain the service of their long-suffering Lord! But a golden lamp is a dangerous vessel, as, in attention to it, the flame will ever be liable to neglect. The larger the lamp, the larger the flame it will be

required to carry, and the more naphtha must be purified for the same; hence the danger that the flame will not be pure. Mithra requires light according to the capacities he has afforded for obtaining it, but many will mistake the glitter of gold and jewels for real light; and many seek false fire, to supply a size of flame, in their eyes, suitable to the lamps they bear. Thus will they deceive themselves, until night, or the more terrible test of day, shall dissolve the illusion! They have been warned, and favor has thus far been shewn them; that, to them, special opportunities have been afforded for understanding those warnings addressed to all. And let them not vainly imagine that Mithra will further condescend to woo them to his service, or tolerate their perverseness. For if one of these, having too late discovered his error, upon approaching the portals of day, should, in pity to his erring brethren, petition Mithra that one of those lesser lights, which while here he had despised, might be sent to warn them of their danger, it would be refused *! Not that Mithra

* Luke xvi.

has not done as much and more to reclaim them, but that such is the nature of their corruptions, that, if they will not profit by the ample revelations, which he in his mercy and omniscience has thought proper to afford them, neither would they, though one visibly returned to them from the realms of night ; for it is not that they cannot, but that they will not see ! By its possessor alone can a lamp be either purified or defiled ; and I can give the mithric lustre to that flame alone which seeks it * ! Grieve not, therefore, that your lamps are plain, for such are more easily kept clean, and more readily devoted to the service of Mithra, and on such he loves to burn. He respects not the quality of the lamp but of the flame, and it he judges by the light produced ! Seek not, therefore, to ornament your lamps, but attend to the one thing needful, the production of a pure and steady light ! for, as I have before told you, and cannot too often repeat, the light of your lamps corresponds with the light within you ; and to this should your attention be directed ; for sooner or later,

* Matt. xxiii. 37.

and the longest time allotted here is but short, you must enter the realms of night. Of what avail then will be a lamp of gold, where no naphtha is found, and where no false flame can illuminate? Where your only light must be that from your own brows, which then shall be unveiled, and, according to the state of that light shall you prosper! How many, then, would gladly exchange their golden lamps, and large but flickering flames, for but a spark of that mithric fire which they now despise! but in vain! While here, they loved darkness rather than light, and there they must abide it, though they regret their foolish choice! But this is not all, the more severe trial is yet to come; for many, when I shall have opened the portals to upper day, shall present themselves at the gate; but, encountering the blaze of day, they shall not have wherewith to abide it!" "Happy would it be for them then could they be utterly extinguished, and sleep for ever in the darkness to which they fly as for shelter! But this cannot be, for the flame implanted originally by the inextinguishable Mithra, expires not though

corrupted ; *—and, for ages, must they experience the evils and insufficiency of their false light, wandering through regions of azotic vapour, and unmitigated darkness ; where, shut out from promise as from light, remorse and despair shall be their portion.” “ In that dreadful trial, how many that now are looked upon, and who look upon themselves as blazing with mithric fire, shall be shorn of their unreal splendor by the intenseness of that light, in which nought but what is purely mithric can endure ! And how many, whose humble but real flames are here held of no account, shall then blaze up resplendent in the congenial atmosphere, and spring forth to mingle their gladdened rays with the kindred beams of day ! Then, it may be said, shall the great become small, and the small great ; for by the mithra it contains, not by its size and splendor here, will every flame be judged ! Alas, no remnant of the original mithric fire throughout the centre remains uncorrupted, and but by uncorrupted Mithra can the way through the realms of night be explored. It is

* αιωριον πυρ.

therefore I am sent, that I may revive your flames, and supply to you, that which shall there avail you, after that I shall first have prepared the way, and opened for you the gates of day: through which, but by me, you could not pass, for by me alone can your corruptions be mithrally purified! But ere I can purify, you must first acknowledge the truth, you must be aware of the dimness and insufficiency of your own light, and earnestly and humbly desire its revival. From such as thus seek me, shall a touch of my flame drive away all original impurities, and if the lamp thus revived, be carefully tended, and cherished for the sake of Mithra alone, it shall retain power to cast off all impurities incidental to central naphtha, and be found effectual on the day of trial. But remember, the flame I impart is the light of truth, as Mithra himself of whom it is, it cannot be deceived, and will neither mingle with impurities, nor abide such as are wilfully, or negligently obtruded on it, but will abandon you as did that in the golden lamp given to Protophos, leaving you darker even than before! Deceive not yourselves therefore, for re-

member again, that day must be the test whether you have preserved it pure! Imagine not vainly that my flame shall procure for you central glory, for on the contrary, neglect and contempt will too often be its portion here, for the eyes of Phosphori are blinded by smoke, and dazzled by false lights, and they know not the truth! But heed not this, persevere steadily to the end, and my light shall not fail you!

“Remember the story of Aphos who applied the forbidden naphtha to his brow, and his brethren thought it became in consequence more resplendent, and followed his fatal example, but their eyes were corrupted by their disobedience, and they distinguished not the real from the unreal! But mark the result! Evening came, and this brow of unwonted splendor faded, for it was mortal! the night came, when Mithra withdrew the light of his countenance, and all was dark! Thus it will be again, for the lights that attract admiration here, are unreal, and like the star of Aphos, though dazzling for the moment, they must fade even to extinction in the time of need. Fear not therefore scorn nor violence, for

you are of Mithra, against whom they cannot prevail, and if he permits them to affect you, it is but for a short space, to try your constancy! Envy not the false lustre of pyrotechnic flames, for they must fade but you shall endure. Bear your trials here with patience and resignation, in the firm and confident assurance, that, thereby you are doing the work of an all-seeing and omnipotent master, who will not suffer you to be tried beyond what you can endure, and who will not fail to reward your temporary sufferings, with eternal splendor! Think not that Mithra has forgotten you, because you are called upon to endure evil, or even extinction in his service, for He is faithful, and will perform to the utmost all that he has promised through me! If your faith in him, and in my mission is as it should be, what cause have you to fear the extinction, that persecutors can inflict? Mithra has indeed for your preservation here, instilled into you a dread of encountering darkness, and this dread is inseparable from the nature of mortal Phosphorus. A dread from which even I, as mortal Phosphorus, am not exempted. Yet I say unto you, fear

not, for if you will receive and preserve my flame, you shall not experience darkness. You lose indeed a feeble and perishable lamp, but Mithra who is with you, is light itself, and with your brows illumined by his all-conquering flame, the realms of night shall be as the precincts of his firethrone, and darkness shall fly before you ! Let then faith in him through me overcome all natural fears, and persevere steadily to the end, and that your faith shall not be vain, witness this flame which has been revealed to you by Mithra himself, yours cannot yet be like it, but like it they shall by his help become ! You say that it is mithric, you believe that Mithra is in my brow ! this is the truth, and you shall see it with your own eyes, when the time shall come which he has appointed ; but at present it is veiled, and I am here to suffer all the ills of mortality even as yourselves ! Yes ! heed me, I must suffer ! And let not your very faith in my mithric origin deceive you in this, for my brow is veiled amid the central gloom, even as yours, and being veiled, I am here but mortal Phosphorus, like yourselves, subjected for a while to the

powers of central darkness, and to oppression from, though I contribute not to, the smoke around me. Superior only, that my lamp, in itself knows not defilement, and of its pure flame I give to you ! Mithra has thus veiled himself, that undazzling, he might commune with you ! You marvel at this ! Some even fancying themselves wiser than Mithra, cavil in scorn at the idea ! But he knows you better than you know yourselves, and his ordinance is good ! Arranged from the beginning, it corresponds exactly with his proceedings. Reflect on what you have heard of the beginning, and what I have revealed to you of the end, and bethink ye. Should Mithra, as some in their presumption would have him, now dispel the cloud-veil from his firethrone, and shine with unmitigated light through the centre, what must be the consequence ? burns there a lamp that could withstand his glory ?—You know then thus much, that no flame which corresponds not with his own can endure his presence ! By disobedience was Mithra darkened on the brow of Phosphorus, and by obedience alone will he again illumine it !

Thus am I sent that, with means similar to those afforded to yourselves, and strengthened but by purity, and a knowledge of him that sent me, I may lead you through the necessary struggle with central and nocturnal darkness, to the victory ordained for the faithful servants of my father Mithra ; and by setting you an example of endurance, and gradually, and by sensible conviction removing from your eyes the film still spread before them by the smoke of impure fire, I may teach your very hearts the real quality and value of the true flame, that, having a true knowledge of Mithra, you may not be deceived by the false light with which this world abounds. The Pseudophosphori shall indeed extinguish this lamp, and plunge me into night. Such is the will of Mithra,—but there ends their power, for, as at first, even in darkness will I relight it at my brow, which then shall be no longer veiled, and of this, you shall yourselves be witnesses, as you shall see me return from the realms of night, whence none ever yet returned, and whither Mithra has sent me, that I might prepare for you the way, and open for you the portals to eternal

day. Doubt not therefore because my lamp is extinguished, for I have light in myself, as you all shall have likewise who have received of mine and faithfully preserved it. I must rejoin my parent flame, but grieve not that I leave you, for until I am gone the beam which Mithra has promised cannot come to you! The light of Mithra's self, the same light that he has ever from the first permitted to glimmer through his cloud-veil, but which the smoke of false fires had lamentably obscured, was yet the pervading light of Mithra, still asserting his dominion in the central world, and keeping darkness from overwhelming it! The daybeam of which he formerly allowed a concentrated ray occasionally to flash through his veil of clouds to illumine the lamps of those he sent to be your teachers, I will, by penetrating the cloud-veil, pour upon the world in a continuous flood of unintercepted light; a light which all who seek with pure lamps shall find. But on those that I shall commission to be first propagators of my light, its rays shall fall in threefold concentration. It shall illuminate the most distant Pseudophosei even

to the confines of night itself. They shall feel it ere even they perceive its source, but ere they can partake of it, they must acknowledge me in the lights that shall be sent among them, purify their lamps for my reception, and receive of my flame; for the smoke of false lights shall as now continue to form a veil between them and Mithra, that seeing they shall not recognize, or recognizing they shall not understand him. For as hereafter, so in its degree is it here, that Mithra alone can meet Mithra! But my beam shall prevail insensibly, they shall receive of my fire, and seeking light with pure lamps, my beam shall illumine them, till it has made all things accordant with itself! Then will I come and all that I have spoken shall be fulfilled! Then, the reign of Mithra being again acknowledged throughout the world, then, surrounded by my faithful Phosphori whom I have saved or rescued from night, will I unveil my brow of power from the summit of my firethrone, and those who have identified themselves with darkness, must, unable to abide my presence, be driven with it to the utmost limits of its ancient reign. While

the faithful Phosphori, their brows, in the instant also, unveiled to central gloom, shall flash back Mithra to the blaze, and stand undazzled in my presence, restored to the favor and to the light of Mithra, from which, tried and experienced as they have been, they shall be in no danger of again falling. To them darkness shall be no more, but they shall bask for ever in the smiles of Mithra, and eternal joy.

“Happy then shall those be, who have so cherished my flame, as to bear a near approach to my unveiled glory, for they shall stand in my presence, and minister round my throne, and to them the regions of upper day shall be free! While those who have more negligently tended my flame, though saved from darkness or extinction, unable to bear my near splendour, must keep each his respective distance, for according to the measure of Mithric flame he has preserved, shall each be able to bear a corresponding vicinity to my throne, and enjoy a consequent prosperity *! Work then and faint not, nor de-

* John xiv. 2. Matt. xvi. 27. xxv. 14. Rom. ii.

part in aught from the truth received ; cherish the good fire, and purify your lamps while the time is granted you, for you know not when you may be called upon to encounter night ! Those who strive for perfection, Mithra will aid even to perfection : but those who will not strive he will abandon ! Forget not that you are in yourselves corrupt, and of yourselves cannot attain to purity ! Revival is the gift of Mithra to those who diligently seek it, and while they continue to seek it, no longer, for even this gift is not self-enduring here, but requires as much attention to retain as to attain ! If you think you have attained it, remember that, in fact, it was not attained by, but given to you by Mithra in gracious favor to your poor exertions, which, without his reviving aid must have been insufficient ! Therefore pride not yourselves upon its attainment, lest Mithra withdraw himself in offence at your presumption ! Remember Mithra is your god, to whom your utmost exertions are no more than due ! He at the beginning committed his pure flame to your keeping, and has a right to demand it of you pure as it was given !

Were he to demand a strict account, who could abide his scrutiny? You have corrupted his flame, and wasted the gift entrusted to you; and if he passes over this defalcation, and gives you a fresh supply, are not you still his debtors, even though you could pay back the latter loan? Be humble, therefore, before him, and own, that when you have done your best, you have been but unprofitable servants to an indulgent Master! Despise not, judge not then, those who you may imagine have less light than has been accorded to yourselves, but aid them with all gentleness and benevolence, even as Mithra has aided you; for you once were dim, and had Mithra despised and judged you, dim and dark you must have remained: and dim and dark you may again become, if by indulging in such presumptuous pride, you suffer vanity to mingle with your flame! Look jealously at your own lamps, when the flame appears unusually large and brilliant in your own eyes, lest when proved it shall be found that you have suffered vanity to supervene, and that the brightness which so pleased you, is not of Mithra, for the true

flame, though clear and strong, is mild and unobtrusive!

“The laws I give you are the laws of reality and permanent utility, not of mystery working to ends which you can neither see nor understand. The ways of Mithra must as yet, indeed, remain hidden from you, that your confidence in his promises may be tried, but his ends he has revealed by me; to reveal more would be to unveil himself ere your lights were purified to receive him! He laid an easy burden upon you at first, and because it was easy, you despised it, and sought the more imposing ceremonies of pyrotechnic worship. He then, for your perverseness, gave you, through Protophos, a heavier task, containing mysteries which were types of the revelation now before you, and to which, had you attended, you would now have been more ready to profit by the accomplishment of his gracious purpose! You who despised the easy task originally assigned you, felt the weight of the latter, and failed in its performance! You failed from two causes; first, that the law was imperative, and made no allowances

in its letter of enactment for the state of corruption in which you were: if the whole was not performed, smoke arose *, and smoke once produced, you had no process of complete mithric revival. Secondly, that as certain ceremonies and purifications were enjoined, by which the wrath of Mithra might be stayed, and his immediate curse averted, though the flame once corrupted was still imperfect, and was felt to be so; that, therefore, having failed in the reality, instead of reverting to the object, and humbly conforming to the statutes, and trusting to the acknowledged mercy and often-promised aid of Mithra, you foolishly imagined to alter his eternal purpose, and compel his favour †, by the futile observance of a host of almost pyrotechnic ceremonies, which you built upon those of Protophos, thereby only adding to your abominations, by adding to that concerning which it was specially commanded that you should neither add aught to, or diminish aught from: and the consequence has been, that you have virtually substituted pyrotechny for the worship of

* Ep. Heb.

† Luke vii.

Mithra. I am now sent to bring you back to original simplicity. I require only the realities of the worship of Protophos, dispensing with the forms ; but the realities are truth itself, and them I come to establish. The law of Protophos was, indeed, a good law, and wisely framed to answer its ends under the circumstances in which it was promulgated ; it abounded in minutiae, which though in themselves unimportant, were well calculated to keep the attention of its disciples to the desired end ; and, lest they should err or grow careless through proneness to false light, heavy denunciations were pronounced against every deviation from the given rule ; for then you had yet to learn ! I have told you, that, in order to wean you from your obstinate delusions and attachment to pernicious Pseudophosean ceremonies and propensities, Protophos, by the command of Mithra, imposed others of a good tendency, the careful performance of which, would ensure a pure and colourless flame, and which, if diligently studied, and performed in spirit and in truth, would render it even capable of attracting a mithric ray.

But the law was burdensome, and few attained to this perfection ; the lights of the rest still were dim, they saw but half the truth, and their merits and demerits were, for the time, allowed to consist in the rigid performance or comparative neglect of the different ordinances of the law : Mithra exacting, and condescending to accept this their mechanical obedience, that they might become habituated to his light, and gradually learn to understand and to profit by it.

“ As in youth you are mechanically taught an art, and required to go through many processes, and learn many rules, the object and application of which you cannot then comprehend ; but these gradually unfold themselves to the attentive pupil, until the finished artist, practically and theoretically master of his work, finds that much may now be dispensed with which nevertheless had been very useful in the attainment of his present skill or knowledge. Thus have you studied the rudiments of Mithra, and ineffectually as you have studied them, and dim and languid as your lamps yet are, still have you gained the first essential step ; for you acknow-

ledge but the white flame, and mine is the promised light, commissioned, if you will receive it, to give the mithric lustre to its whiteness! I call you to the real work of Mithra, which, though it must be performed in the pure spirit of the rules you have already learned, yet no longer requires a continual recurrence to their burdensome and unimportant formalities. Zeal and reality must now take the place of mechanical obedience, which will no longer be accepted as meritorious, inasmuch as it is no longer useful. Its object is already attained, and the real and ultimate object is now revealed to you, and you are called to its attainment! Mistake me not, therefore, for the laws of Protophos contain much that is good, much that is essential to the end in view, and without which this end cannot be attained. I come not then to annul, but to confirm and make perfect that law; for my doctrine of realities is but what my predecessors among your prophets have before taught*, though the end, which I am commissioned to reveal, was hidden from them. The ceremo-

* Isaiah.

nial, whose forms were but types of my mission, is accomplished in myself; and your faith in me shall henceforth take the place of your observance of it. But, remember, I abate nothing of the realities, and those who so interpret me, commit the same error as those who substituted the ceremonial observances of the law of Protophos, for the realities, which the prophets I have alluded to had often warned them, were alone grateful to Mithra. Protophos commanded you to cleanse your lamps from their impurities; but I go further,—suffer not impurity to approach them, for you are commanded to make your flames perfect, even as Mithra himself is perfect! I lay peculiar stress upon this, for as I have before observed to you, how many under the law of Protophos, some deceived by their own false lights, some wilfully closing their eyes against the truth, mistake forms for realities, and build their faith upon vain observances; rendering thereby the object and command of Mithra ineffectual! Thus shall many professing themselves followers of mine, also deceive themselves. Some, in their darkness, seeing not the object

of my mission, and vainly contending that the mere reception of my reviving flame is sufficient to ensure their safety. Others, again, inventing forms and ceremonies for themselves, and placing their vain hopes in these ! But neither are mine ! They alone are mine, who, by obeying me, perform the will of Mithra who sent me ; and, having received the light, so preserve it, that it shall be able to stand the test of truth ! Forms and ceremonies I command you none ; I preach but realities ! Receive my reviving flame, and use only such naphtha, that your lamps burn as mine, bright, steady, clear, and smokeless ! Such is the command of Mithra ! Do this, and the Revival shall be effective, and you shall not be ashamed when you appear before the face of day !

“To accomplish this, it is necessary that you attend to my example, for all those processes that tend, evidently and directly, to preserve the mithric lustre of your flame, are now as ever essential. The form may vary, but in substance they must remain unchanged ; and must be performed with, not cold and formal, but anxious

and zealous fidelity, for therein alone consists their merit, namely, their efficacy ! Remember, the object is to combat the darkness of the central world, by the production and diffusion of the one light that can overcome it ! This one light must then be carefully preserved, and amid this corrupt atmosphere, it can only be preserved by unremitting solicitude and attention ! Mistake me not, therefore, if you hear me, in your ideas, underrate the merit of those whose profession it is so scrupulously to perform every particle of the commands of Protaphos ! It is not for scrupulous attention that I blame them, but, that the effect corresponds not with the apparent zeal, which were it really sincere, would not fail to produce such light as would lead them to the truth ! It produces it not, because, as I have explained to you, their object is not to produce it. I myself, born a Phosphorus under the law of Protaphos, have also scrupulously fulfilled that law, in my own person, rejecting none of its numerous ordinances, that, by fulfilling it, as the author alike of it and of myself designed it to be fulfilled, I might record my

sanction of its origin ; and, by giving you an example of its strict performance, divested of all the pyrotechnic abuses with which your corruption had encumbered it, I might the more readily lead you to a true and just conception of its bearing upon the ultimate object of Mithra ; and, without alarming your proper prejudices, or disturbing your faith, teach you to discriminate justly between the ever essential reality, which I confirm, and the henceforth unessential form, from which I declare you free ; and for which invalidity, I substitute the validity of Mithric revival ! Thus, in fulfilling the law, I have fulfilled it with reference to its real object, giving consequently my attention to essentials. For what boots it that your naphtha be seven times filtered, and your lamps trimmed at every watch, if the flame burning upon them, by which alone Mithra is worshipped, remains impure ? Either you have neglected the first command of Mithra, and wasted your labours on naphtha essentially corrupt, or with a species of pyrotechny, you have foolishly imagined to deceive him by a show of obedience ; yet leav-

ing unseparated, such particles of impurity, as you vainly supposed to encrease the power of your flame, though it accorded not with the mithric symbol. It is essential, therefore, that you reject all such naphtha as is known to be unfit for your purpose, and that you trim your lamps with such as is good, so often as shall keep them from languishing ! That you studiously contemplate the flame produced, and try it by the test that will be afforded you ; and whenever it is found to vary, that you rectify it, either by removing the cause, if apparent, or by changing at once the naphtha, however valuable you may consider it, which is thus proved to be imperfect. Such were the essentials from the beginning, such are the essentials of the law of Protophos, and such will be the essentials to the preservation of my reviving influence. It may be well, considering the infirmity of your nature, that certain forms, and certain times be fixed for the performance of these necessary duties ; yet, in establishing them, forget not, that their merit consists, not in the acts themselves, but in the effect produced, for that would you

be perfect, your labour must be unceasing ! Accordance with his light, and the dissipation of the smoke which formed and serves to thicken the veil which intercepts from you his rays, is what Mithra requires of you ; fail not, therefore, to assist each other in his service, and where you can give assistance, grudge it not, for if through your wilful act or neglect, the production of light, or dissipation of smoke be retarded, how can you be said to be in accordance with that light whose progress you are thus impeding, and against which you are thus virtually joining the powers of darkness ? He who would serve Mithra, must serve him in truth, and him who will not serve him, Mithra will not serve ! Reflect then : Has Mithra need of you, or you of Mithra ? If you neglect him you wander in dimness and error ; if he deserts you, you are in darkness, and in darkness you are not formed to exist ! Bethink ye, how vain would have been all Pseudophosean light, and all the arts of pyrotechny ; how vain even the purer lights of the Phosphori themselves, to enable you to traverse the central plain, but for the light

which Mithra, in his mercy, still suffered to glimmer through his veil of clouds? He lighted you though you knew him not; he preserved you, though you forsook his laws and were rebels to the mighty power that created you! He has commanded you to produce his light, produce it, therefore, with your utmost exertions, and forget not, when you have produced it, that it has been by his gracious assistance only that you have been enabled to produce it! That it was he who gave you the flame you burn, that it was he who directed you to the naphtha spring, and taught you to use it; that he, finally, has revived the flame you had corrupted; and that, after all, perfect as the flame may through your exertions be, it is still less perfect than the source whence it was supplied! Be not vain, therefore, of the most perfect flame, lest it spire into vanity, and produce smoke! For what, after all, have you done? Whom have you really served but yourselves? Does Mithra need your light?—He is light itself! But you need it, and more; your merit with Mithra is but in your obedience, proving your grateful love by the

cheerful zeal with which it is paid, and this Mithra will again repay with light! You work but for yourselves! He has commanded it, and if you work as he has directed, his light, the promised success, shall reward your labours; for there is no real light but his, and no good and perfect flame, but that which is from him. Remember what Protophos has told you of the beginning, when first the centre felt the genial ray of Mithra! Your fathers then were happy, for they had not defiled the sacred flame which burned for their use, and the Fire-throne itself was visible though distant, and darkness fled before the face of Mithra! Your fathers, bearing majestically the magic signet on their brows, revelled in the cheerful light! They knew not fear, for as yet danger existed not! Mithra was around, was upon, within them, and all was joy! But in this prosperity, they forgot their Creator and Preserver; and, in their presumption, imagining they were sufficient to themselves, they rebelled against their God. Mithra punished their disobedience by withdrawing his light! Then they saw their folly, and implored his

mercy, and he relenting did not utterly desert them. But their impiety had sunk them in the scale of being, and they could no longer endure his presence, for the fire within was corrupted, that fire which alone could enable them to withstand his presence such as it had been. He therefore in mercy veiled his face, but supplied them with a light adapted to their state, and cheered them with a promise that he would one day encrease it, and enable them, if faithful, to regain their lost splendour.

“ True to his promise, Mithra has ever assisted those who would assist themselves, and diligently seek his light. He has warned, he has promised, he has revealed himself in divers ways, and at divers times ; and now he is accomplishing the last and most important of his promised revelations, and has sent among you a fresh portion of his own peculiar flame, a flame which knows not impurity, and which, if you will receive it in cleansed lamps, will at once revive and render mithric the languid flames which flare and glimmer on your corrupted wicks, and which is powerful enough of itself, to overcome all natu-

ral or adventitious impurities, as that in the garden where your fathers were first placed. But like it, it will not abide neglect or wilful corruptions! Such as have received it, it will not desert, until they first have deserted it. It shall moreover contain this further property, that, when I shall have penetrated the veil of the firethrone, and shed upon you the promised beam, even though the mithric portion of his flame be apparently lost in corruption, whoever shall expose his lamp, cleansed by faith and repentance, to that beam, my flame shall return to it bright and pure as before, and all again be mithric! But trust not to this, and beware of losing it, lest as of old, your very sight should become dim by the smoke and false colour of corrupt flame, and you perceive not its deterioration, till your wick being burnt out, you fall, or some accident precipitate you into the regions of night, for there you cannot regain it, and I have warned you of the consequences! Labor then while you may gain light, lest night overtake you unawares!

“ I have now recalled to your recollection the

manifold and continued mercies of Mithra, wherein he has shewn his love for you, love which your obstinate disobedience and neglect has not yet sufficed to destroy ! He endowed you with free-will, and despite the light afforded you, you deliberately and wilfully deserted him ! He has used every means consistent with your freedom of action, to recall you to him, and his very threats are mercy ! They are but warnings of what he foresees must be the consequence of your perverse dereliction, for you cannot hurt him, or impede his progress ! Anger and revenge such as you experience, being evil, cannot be felt by him ! and if such terms are used as applicable to him, it is but a figure of speech, shadowing forth things otherwise incomprehensible to you on account of the dimness of your lights, for as yet you cannot bear unveiled Mithra ! But the beam which I will send shall reveal him more fully as your lights grow stronger ; and as you seek and support light, so shall it be afforded to you, until all things are revealed, and you shall be judged fit to meet the light of day itself ! For I say unto you that beam shall not wane

until all things are accomplished, but shall grow stronger and more diffusive to such as delight in its ray, and keep their lamps according with its light, until as much of Mithra's self be seen, as can be borne by the veiled brow of mortal Phosphorus ! It shall reveal me, for it is of me, as I of Mithra, and many things concerning me that now appear dark, shall then be made light, and many that are now thought light, shall be clearer still ! On whatever lamp this day-beam of Mithra shall fall, whatever portion of its flame is of this world, must fade before the superior light, but that portion which is mithric will expand ! Be not discouraged then, that your flame dwindle in its ray, for it is good for you to know that which is real from that which is unreal : and however small the remaining portion, tend it but carefully, seeing how much it stands in need of revival, and that ray will revive it ; and in lieu of the false flame which would have deceived you to your destruction, you shall have one that will not fail you in your utmost need ! All who have firm and proper faith in me, and in my promises will do this, but, alas, how many will

be offended, and turn away from the light which would have saved them ! Faith in me alone will enable you to endure this necessary trial, and to proceed with firmness and humility, renouncing the glory of this world for that which is to come. For how know ye that it is to come, unless you believe in me ? Mithra wills that you should believe, not as some hereafter will tell you, that he imposes upon you a mysterious command into which you are not to enquire, as it was with your fathers, when he forbade them to pour naphtha on their brows : for of that prohibition they could not know the reason, but Mithra knew it, and had their faith in him been stronger, they had not fallen ! But to you, in this revelation, his command is explained, and its reason evident, if with due humility you will seek it ! Not that Mithra submits his commands to your judgment, for his commands are absolute now, as then, but by the humbly obedient that seek to know, He will be enquired of, and give light to aid that enquiry, but he will be doubted of by none *. Why do I say to you, that, unless you

* Matt. vii. 7. John vii. 17. viii. 12. 32. xiv. 10. 26.

have faith in me you cannot be revived? It is so, yet what need have I, what need has Mithra of your faith? I say you must believe in me, because if you believe not that I am sent from Mithra, and bear his flame in token of amnesty and revival, the revelation offered to you is as no revelation, for you will not profit by it, because if you admit not my authority, it offers you no inducement to fulfil its conditions. If you fulfil not its conditions, you cannot acquire the true flame, and without such a proportion of which only flame that can remain with you, as is suited to the lamps which Mithra has given you, you cannot abide his presence! In proportion to the strength of your conviction of the mithric reality of my flame, must naturally be the earnestness of your obedience to my precepts and attention to my doctrine, and in like manner, proportionably as you believe, what I have before explained to you, that this flame is burning on a mortal wick, and borne by one, actually during his term of incarnation, Phosphorus like yourselves, and strengthened only by purity and knowledge of the source of light, (which quali-

ties, if you will receive them, he can sufficiently communicate to yourselves) will your confidence in, and sensible comprehension of the possibility of the necessary obedience to those precepts be raised! The object and end is your salvation, for Mithra but warns you to prepare for inevitable events! He warns you how to secure a blessing, and how to avoid a danger, to which, in the progress of his immutable course, you must become exposed, if you will not listen to his warnings; and if you believe them not, why should you heed them? Mithra, in reality, can neither feel anger nor desire revenge, such things belong but to darkness, and are but generated here by the smoke of your impurities. If Mithra has appeared to punish, it has been but for example*, to make you give more heed to his warnings, but example hereafter there can be none! Judge then more worthily of your God, for he is perfect as you say his light is perfect! But because Mithra is exempt from your evil passions, think not therefore that his course, ordained from eternity, is to be stopt or delayed

* Deut. viii.

for your perverseness! He must pervade all space, and all that cannot abide his presence, must fly before him, with their adopted darkness, into the uttermost recesses of night! He formed you to live only in his light, darkness is therefore to you a state of misery, but if you by corrupting your nature, lose the power of reflecting his light, then can you not endure it! Accordingly as you have or have not this power, will you be enabled to endure it, and this power of reflection depends, as you well know, upon the possession of flame corresponding with his own! If then you are exiles from his presence, it is not He that exiles you in revenge, but you that have rendered yourselves incapable of supporting his presence! Forget not, then, the sole end and object of all the commands laid upon you, for, once again, Mithra has no whims to gratify, no weaknesses, no caprice! His commands are all reality, and your benefit all their object! Let this be ever before you, so shall the means you use accomplish their proper ends; and keep those ends in view, lest, like too many of the professed followers of Protaphos,

you confuse them with, and forget them in the means!

“Many will arise in after times, setting themselves up as leaders, and saying, ‘If you would know Revival, you must follow this recipe or that recipe, or manage your lamps this way, or that way.’ Some giving tedious, some simple processes, some better, some worse, few without peculiar merits, or peculiar defects, but for the most part unimportant in the main; few but shall have among them lamps, both excellent and worthless, but few also, that shall not more or less mingle their own, at least frivolities, with the commands I bear you. They must be judged by their effect, for the effect shall prove the cause, as to Phosphorus it is not given to produce good out of evil! All I command is, keep your lamps so clean, and your naphtha so pure, that the flame received from me remains unsullied: and if the flame on your lamp be mithric, it matters not what process you have used to produce it, for no process that contains not my essentials uncorrupted, can produce it, although it may be an unnecessary burden! Quarrel not therefore

with one another about such things, but let good alone * : experience aided by the encreasing intensity of my day-beam, will reconcile all in good time ! One process may be best at one time or place, another at another ; generally speaking however the simplest will be the best, as there will be less danger of mistaking the means used to produce, for the end to be produced, as I have warned you, will in many instances be the case, but despise not lightly any means used where that end is produced ! Every separate recipe will be good for just so much, as it contains the essential principle of retaining the mithric fire through faith received, the remainder mere quackery, possibly in itself innocent, or indeed sometimes, and under particular circumstances, even useful, just as the minutiae and ceremonies of the law of Protophos have been useful preparations to you †, for lamps long corrupted, will not suddenly bear too great a degree of mithric light ! I however command them not, I leave these things to your own discretion, recommending you, however, not to be

* Matt. xxiii.

† Epistles of St. Paul.

supercilious, and quarrel unnecessarily with what is harmless, cautioning you especially against it, where such conduct might give offence to weaker lights *, and cause them to turn from the truth, for it is better that you, for Mithra's sake, bear a little more burden than He actually imposes, than that, by refusing, you should in any degree oppose yourself to his progress, for his command is, to encrease the true light by every means of which I have given, and shall give you the example, and this, if you love the light as you are bound to love it, you will of yourselves do, for if you wilfully oppose yourselves to it, how can you be said to love it ! If you are niggards in your service, the penetrating eye of Mithra cannot be deceived, for your flame blends not perfectly with his light ! That flame which blends not with his light, is not mithric, and that which is not mithric is false ! But keep your criticisms for your own flames, and be cautious with your neighbour's, for while you think your neighbour's lamp dim, perchance upon exposing your own to the beam of truth, you may

* St. Paul.

find the fancied dimness of your neighbour's flame was occasioned only by the color of your own. Or that, the flame you imagined so superior in size, shall, upon exposure to its scrutinizing ray, dwindle to half the size of that, which you had affected to despise ! Teachers shall indeed arise in my name, denying my essentials, and preaching conditions, I never imposed, and which are not only worthless for the great end, but calculated even to dim the lustre, were it possible, of mithric flame itself, but fear them not, for none shall change aught that I have taught, and if your own lights are kept free from corruption, you shall see clearly to detect their perversions * ! But while I thus give you encouragement to contemplate the light of Mithra, forget not that it is the light of Mithra that you are contemplating ! Mithra, who shines not, or shines on but to dazzle the unmithric flame which presumptuously obtrudes itself in his ray ! Beware the sin of Aphos, which yet may be committed by the presumptuous Phosphorus, who would by pyrotechny, compel from Mithra

* St. James.

a light, which he in his mercy and omniscience has withheld ! For I tell you, darkness was not a more certain consequence to the first defiler, than it shall be again to him who thus dares imitate the offence. Mithra will be enquired of alone by those whose flame faith and humility have rendered accordant with the ray they seek ! for the light of Mithra is perfect light, nor the less perfect, that its rays appear colored to the presumptuous eye that dares contemplate them through the unfit medium of impure smoke, or pyrotechnic flame ! Avoid then all idle and presumptuous speculations, that serve but to distract your faith ; and receive with humble gratitude, such light as the all-wise and all-merciful deigns to give, for Mithra will not be doubted. He has proved his truth, and given such evidence of his mercy and his love, as to doubt because he will not reveal himself further than your lights would bear, were rank ingratitude ! Think then on the light of Mithra, and your own obscurity, and be humble, be patient, resigning yourselves with cheerful confidence, as to a loving parent, until in his own time, he shall him-

self unveil your rekindled brows to the beams of eternal day."

Thus from time to time, did the Reviver exhort and instruct his followers, and all that would attend to him, enforcing the doctrine of truth both by precept and example, and seizing every opportunity of illustrating it, by events that were passing before him; ceaselessly endeavouring to detach the Phosphori from their false notions, and pointing out by familiar examples, the difference between forms and realities, to engrave, as it were, upon their hearts, that it was in vain to endeavour to deceive the all-seeing Mithra, or to propitiate him otherwise than by a real and zealous obedience, and that although he had power to, and did absolve them from the literal and rigid observance of the law of Protophos, that, not one particle of its spirit and realities could be dispensed with. But that on the contrary, Mithra required their lights to be as pure, and infinitely brighter, than the most scrupulous observance of the law of Protophos could make them. For to them was committed a new and more brilliant trust, a portion of the sacred flame

itself, unsullied, unimpaired, and which, duly tended, should not lose its brightness even amid the corruptions of the central world *, but keep unbroken its connection with its parent fire, through the beam that should proceed from thence for its continual refreshment. Their task was therefore of a superior and more noble kind ; that of their fathers had been, to keep alive a languid and corrupted flame, which their utmost exertions had scarcely been sufficient to render decently accordant with the light of Mithra, and only by his favor, had been preserved in some, in a state capable even of receiving his revival. To them on the contrary, the new gift was committed perfect, and to keep it so, was their task. One by no means less difficult, requiring perhaps less dull labor, but even more zeal and attention ! The difference was, as between corporeal and spiritual. They were required to preserve, not only the colorless purity of their flame, but the peculiar strength, though at the same time mild and unoppressive radiancy, which distinguished the mithric fire, and was indeed its essential cha-

* St. Paul.

racteristic. Not the dull, formal, pallid sickliness of the flame of mere mechanical obedience, which had been the scorn of the more brilliant pyrotechnists, but a benignant, cheerful, and really useful light, casting on all around its smiling and beneficial ray, and though without offensive glare, showing every object distinctly in its true shade and coloring. Intense, yet unobtrusive, steady and undeviating, though benign and placid, illuminating the path of truth for its blessed bearers, and offensive only by its truth, to the falsehood insultingly obtruding itself in its colorless ray. This was the mithric light which Triphos commanded his followers to retain as received from him, for they could not suppose, that the emanative Mithra had been sent among them, and its permanent beam accorded, for a less noble object, or that the enslavement of the Phosphori to central systems, however good, or the mechanical production of undiffusive flame however colorless, could satisfy the author of perfection. If the light produced blended with his beam, well! If not, all else was vain, and the imperfect flame would dwindle in the day-

beam to whatever might be its really mithric portion !

The term of the Reviver's mission was now drawing to its close, much had been accomplished, and his presence sufficiently manifested, for all to see who would see, and the end was approaching fast, when he should give the crowning evidence to the whole, by entering the realms of night after the manner of mortal Phosphorus ; and returning from thence, and manifesting himself to his followers, should announce to them his triumph over the powers of darkness in its own kingdom, and the preparation of that path through the dreaded valley, that, all who have his light might safely tread, until himself should receive them at the portals of day. As the moment drew near, Triphos began to warn his followers from time to time, in order to prepare them for this extraordinary event, which although he had frequently hinted at, he was aware they did not yet thoroughly understand, and indeed had, for the most part, hardly been able to divest themselves of some lingering hope of a manifestation more congenial to their worldly vanity.

He bade them call to mind the words of ancient prophecy, which told them of all that should happen to the Reviver, how his lamp should be violently extinguished, but in vain, for the power of revival was in himself! He told them, that, far from grieving at such event, they should rejoice that this glorious example, this crowning evidence of the truth of what they believed, was to be afforded them. He exhorted them to lay aside all vain notions of worldly prosperity, and to observe in humble confidence all that should pass, in full security, that although, like himself, they might be called upon to suffer here, Mithra would be true to his promises, and amply recompence them with a life of glory in a world of unclouded brightness.

There was about to be held a grand festival at the fire-temple, in commemoration of the deliverance of the Phosphori under Protophos from the land of the Pyrotechnists, and Triphos signified to his followers, that this was the time appointed for the short triumph of his enemies, and calmly bade them prepare to accompany him to the festival. Hither they went, and as he had

foretold, here his remorseless enemies, having matured their plans, seized him, and accused him before the chiefs of blaspheming the worship of Mithra. But nothing being substantiated against him, the high priest of the fire-temple arose, and in virtue of his office, publicly adjured him by a form no Phosphorus a follower of Protophos might disregard, to avow distinctly whether he was the promised Reviver. Triphos calmly answered, "Thou hast spoken the word! moreover, I tell thee further, thou shalt hereafter see the now mortal Phosphorus unveil his brow from the summit of the fire-throne, and shining with the glory of revealed Mithra!" The priest sprung from his seat, calling out, profanation! and the whole assembly shuddered, or affected to shudder with horror at the avowal. The priest exclaimed, "He has made himself equal to Mithra; you have heard his blasphemy, and you know that all who are guilty of such, are by our law condemned to extinction, as false lights trying to turn us from the worship of the real Mithra!" They answered by acclamation, "He is guilty! We know no light but Mithra

who shines alone : away with the false pretending light, and extinguish it in the pits of darkness !" Then they heaped upon him every species of insult they could devise, and tried, in every way, to affect the steadiness of his envied flame, but in vain ; the pure mithric fire resisted all their attempts, cast off without effort, all the impurities they threw upon it, and neither flared nor smoked. Meanwhile, the firmest and most zealous followers of Triphos, as he himself had foretold, deserted him and fled, veiling their lights from the persecutors ; and he was triumphantly led, unresisting, and apparently forsaken by all, to an eminence near the fire-city, and his lamp exposed to a stream of mephitic vapour, which usually extinguished flame in a cloud of impure smoke. Here, after remaining some time totally unchanged, Triphos exclaimed, " It is finished !" and the cloudless and unvarying flame suddenly sunk and disappeared, and he stood in darkness, and was instantly precipitated down a tremendous chasm, into the realms of night.

Thus was the mighty sacrifice accomplished ;

that sacrifice of which it had been written, that it should make atonement to Mithra for the disobedience of his Phosphori ! For the etherial element itself had condescended, with shrouded ray, to encounter the abominations of central corruption, and to suffer temporary eclipse from a smoke which it had neither caused nor added to, that it might prove to all flame, partaking of, or willing to partake of its nature, how vain the powers of smoke and darkness against even the smallest portion of uncorrupted Mithra. It submitted to oppression, and even temporary extinction on the phosphoric lamp of Triphos, that thereby it might prove its superiority over both. It assumed mortality that it might prove its immortality, and teach the reilluminated lamp and rekindling brow of Phosphorus to struggle successfully with the enemy, over which itself, in like form, had triumphed. Thus was it that the mortal Triphos suffered for the disobedience of the Phosphori ; the innocent for the guilty ! and thus did he take their sin upon himself, and by his sufferings make atonement to Mithra for the corruption of his light. Not that the atone-

ment to, and satisfaction of, the purpose of the all-merciful Mithra was accomplished, in the sufferings of his beloved Phosphorus, but in the triumph of his flame, thus burning on mortal lamp, over those sad conditions of mortality, brought upon Phosphoric nature by the corruption of the original flame imparted to it; and which by this triumph over both corruption and its consequences, was ordained to become again accordant with his light.

Thus was the atonement not by, but through the sufferings of the Reviver. Not that it was possible for the perfect Mithra to be gratified by the indignities experienced, and the pain suffered by the chosen vessel to which he had committed his flame. His justice neither needed, nor was to be satisfied by these; to suppose these the accomplishment of the purpose and object of Mithra, is to suppose him other than he has revealed himself! When the Phosphori corrupted the light of Mithra, the sentence pronounced upon them was, that they should suffer, not for, but by their corruption: not a sentence of vindictive punishment, but the neces-

sary consequence of an act that disqualified them from the office for which they had been created, and to which they could be restored only by strict fidelity, in the more difficult and purgatorial office in the second place assigned to them. To preserve their light over the plain of gloom, and carry it into the yet unconquered obscurity of night itself. This had been their presumptuous idea, and the performance of it, by themselves and their descendants, became their sentence ; that they might learn by fatal experience the error into which they had fallen, and prove the efficacy of their repentance by the docility they evinced under the merciful revelations of the justly offended Deity. How they would have fared, has, alas, been but too plainly shown ;—utter extinction, and eternal darkness must have been their portion ; for Mithra had declared, that He would not shine in darkness, until his light, having been preserved immaculate through central gloom, was carried thither on the brow of Phosphorus ; and this was accomplished by Triphos, who thus, by performing as Phosphorus, the conditions imposed by Mi-

thra upon Phosphori, made atonement for, and became a propitiation for, their original transgression, and removed from them the consequent original curse of darkness ; opening to such as would receive of him revival, and follow his example to the best of their minor abilities, the door of restoration to their original birthright. His office, as regarded the Phosphori, was to lead them to the accomplishment of the purpose of Mithra. And as a worthy leader, he placed himself in front of the battle, and in his own person encountered every difficulty most appalling to mortality. Divested of all outward advantages which could impose upon their imaginations, and armed but with the arms he proffered to his followers, he placed himself in the ranks of his Phosphori, that his example might be familiarly instructive ; not one to be admired and forgotten in hopelessness of being able to imitate a being ostensibly superior, but one to be closely followed, with almost emulative zeal, as feats of difficult possibility performed by one of themselves, for the attainment of a great, and individually desirable object, the accomplishment of

which should be assured to them by the success they should witness in himself. As they, from the conditions of their mortality, could not accomplish their career unbruised, so neither did he, that there might not be a circumstance of pain or difficulty which any might be called upon to encounter, that he, also mortal Phosphorus, had not previously endured and overcome. Were their lamps of but ordinary size and materials, on such had the sacred flame that revived them condescended in preference to burn. Did all the smoke and vapour of the central world combine to insult and obstruct their humble flame, it was no more than the emanative Mithra itself had endured for their sakes, and the path of true glory must be the path which he had trodden! Herein too, were they strengthened and consoled, by their knowledge that Mithra had in his own flame experienced their trials, and knew, therefore, how to make due allowance for their partial failures. Not that a contemplative Phosphorus could imagine that this experience was necessary to, or could in any wise add to the omniscience of Mithra, but

it was not the less a valid consolation to Phosphori, though founded upon the imperfection of their nature ; first, because the mass are not contemplative ; secondly, that even with the most contemplative, a truth experienced produces a superior, a more familiar and reposing confidence, than the most convincing arguments or undisputed theories !

The power of intimately contemplating the unveiled glory of etherial Mithra, which would have been gradually accorded to the Phosphori through the pure flame implanted on their brows, had been, by the corruption of that flame, so utterly lost, that the corrupted flame could no longer bear even the semblance of his glory feeding upon central naphtha. His general communications to them, therefore, since that fatal period, had ever been made through purified flame burning on a mortal wick, and to which he had imparted some portion of his essence. The mode, and the task imposed had alike been uniform. By wilful disobedience to an easy injunction, they had fallen ; and by a determined obedience to one of encreased difficulty, were

they again to rise: that, namely, of preserving their diminished light through the difficulties that their original disobedience had occasioned. As by perseverance they needed, and were able to endure more light, more light had been gradually accorded; until they had been conducted to that climacteric point, at which Mithra had ordained his real and ultimate revelation of himself. Then the pure flame again radiated for awhile amid the central gloom, but its real excellence was not comprehended, until the day-beam of Mithra, dispelling the last particles of impurity from such few lamps, as could, by the mithric gift of revival, burn under its influence with undiminished flame, at once enabled them to understand and appreciate its virtue. But these were few, the mass of those who had accepted revival, and even basked partially in the newly accorded ray of mithric light, satisfied with their acquisition, and of the validity of the promises attached to it, sought but to retain it as given! The day-beam was as yet too partially diffused, and the eyes even of revived Phosphori too little accustomed to mithric light

to enable them calmly and intimately to contemplate it. Many acknowledged, honored, and in great measure obeyed ; their flames consequently continued mithric, though in few sufficiently powerful to dispel entirely the shades that surrounded them. Their conceptions were still imperfect, for practically they could judge of Mithra only as he had revealed himself, in mortal form, and their ideas and arguments were drawn from analogies of central nature : not making sufficient distinction between the ethereal element itself, and the mortal wick upon which it had been exhibited to them. Hence the origin of false notions long and obstinately persisted in, and which even the promised diffusion of the day-beam has been unable, generally, to correct ; for, diffused as it may be, its light, to be known, must be sought ! The eye, indeed, that would receive this beam, must be unbiassed and unassuming as that of infancy ; but that which would contemplate it, must add to these qualities the steady gaze and calm reflection of maturity. Triphos had truly warned the vain and self-sufficient Phosphori, that his

flame would not mingle with their impurities ; and that, ere they could receive of it revival, they must consent to reduce their aspiring flames for the admission of his own. They were required at once to renounce all preconceived notions of the excellence of their most cherished lights, and all fancied knowledge of Mithra, and to allow his flame and his instructions to supersede them, with the humility of conscious ignorance, as children imbibing their first ideas from the mouth of a revered instructor ; and without this, he declared to them, they could not be effectually revived.

But neither this, nor his subsequent cautions as to the necessity of humility, and a continued sense of entire dependance upon the mithric ray, to the preservation of the gift of revival, ever could imply a prohibition against humble and reverential efforts at the intimate contemplation of the gift received. This would have been to fetter the Phosphori anew, not to give them the freedom he proclaimed. To declare, (this being the ultimate revelation,) that the mithric signet on their brows was utterly and for ever extinct,

not to revive the light within. Phosphori were originally created Phosphori, and the mithric fire conferred upon them, that they might contemplate the glory and excellence of their Creator. They fell from this estate! but a semblance of that creative light was afforded them, by the preservation and contemplation of which, the smothered fire within them was gradually to rekindle, so as even to affect the color of its veil, and continued aid and assistance was given to them for this purpose. Lastly came the revival of this semblance, with a promise, that as it was cherished, so should it burn; and a continuous day-beam from the Fire-throne was added for its perpetual refreshment and preservation: "to testify of the Reviver, and guide his Phosphori into all truth." To what purpose this, to what purpose were they revived Phosphori, if forbidden to contemplate the glory revealed, and to open their eyes in the day-beam sent to enlighten them? Again, it is recorded that, at the moment of the Reviver's quitting the central world, and entering the realms of night, the veil in the Fire-temple, the veil which concealed the

lamp of Mithra from the eyes of his worshippers, was rent asunder, and the mysteries of his sanctuary exposed to view. Mithra had revealed himself; all was accomplished; and, in token thereof, he withdrew the veil from his sanctuary. A veil that had shrouded, not his Fire-temple from Pseudophosei, but his inmost sanctuary from the Phosphori themselves. The moment corresponded with the removal of that veil which shrouded his glory on the brow of his Reviver, which was now glowing in the astonished regions of night. His altar was thenceforth to be the revived lamp, and his sanctuary the rekindling brow of Phosphorus! No sooner had the mithric flame expired on the lamp of Triphos, than the sacred fire in the Temple gave out a volume of black smoke, which darkened the whole country for some hours, and thunders and vibrations proceeded from the mountain of the Fire-throne. But, as in the profanation of Aphos, all passed off after a while, and the unrepentant persecutors, resuming courage, affected to treat these prodigies as accidental occurrences of nature; and having taken such measures as they

judged prudent, to prevent or detect any attempt at jugglery, whereby the followers of their victim might, as they supposed, endeavour to deceive the populace as to the fact of his promised reappearance, they congratulated themselves upon their fancied triumph, fully imagining that they had succeeded in quenching for ever the obnoxious light. But these impious precautions served but as a testimony of the truth they wished to smother! For at the time foretold, certain of the followers of Triphos approached the chasm down which their master had been precipitated, hardly daring to believe that he really would reascend from the regions of night. They found that the guard placed there to prevent deception, was gone; and upon looking into the chasm, instead of the usual darkness, they beheld a mild light, which issued from a source further down than their eyes could discern; and while they stood gazing in wonder at this novel circumstance, they heard a voice proceeding from out the chasm, saying, "What seek ye? The Reviver is not here, he is risen, but has left light behind him even here!" They

immediately returned to their companions to spread the news ; and while they were debating together concerning what they had seen, suddenly, Triphos himself stood among them, and accosted them with his usual salutation. At first they were alarmed, but he reassured them ; and having examined him minutely, they found that it was undeniably himself. He told them that he thus appeared for their satisfaction and confirmation, to convince them that it was really himself, as they before had known him, returned from the realms of night ; but that he was now no longer fettered by his mortal form, that his mission was accomplished, and that when all had seen him as they had known him, and were satisfied of his identity, that he would ascend the Fire-throne before them. Accordingly, a short time afterwards, a large number of his followers being assembled, he stood confessed before them ; the bright triple star flaming on his brow, in all the beauty and majesty of the first created Phosphorus. Then gradually rising into air, he was lost to their sight amid the clouds which surrounded the Fire-throne. His chosen

followers returned to the city musing upon his ascent, and as they were sitting together, suddenly a strong beam of light fell upon their lamps, causing them to burn most brilliantly, in a manner, similar to the lamp of their master Triphos : darkness fled from them, and they instantly saw all things clearly, and understood all that had before appeared dubious. Their lamps too were, they found, possessed of the powers they had witnessed in that of Triphos ; and they acknowledged with awe and gratitude, the promised day-beam, and understood that their mission had now commenced, and that they were now to propagate his light as he had instructed them. Fearlessly they commenced, and diligently and faithfully they performed the arduous task assigned to them ; labouring unceasingly amid danger, insult, and privation, spreading the light committed to them, in spite of all opposition ; and at last, like their glorious Master, meekly submitting to violent extinction for the truth's sake ; in full confidence that he would revive them in a more glorious existence.

They passed in turn away, but the day-beam

that illumined them was never withdrawn, though none but those who really seek can find it. Though others profit by its light, they know not, they acknowledge not, they feel not its source. Darkness and Pyrotechnic vanity strive with it in vain. Their smoke hides it indeed from many, but it is prevailing still, and all is imperceptibly hastening towards its final accomplishment! The Pseudophosei of the Reviver's day are disappearing, many are now Phosphori, and the advancing day-beam is beginning even, though as yet imperfectly, to dawn upon the benighted descendants of Aphos. But alas, as the smoke from the sacrifice of Aphos benighted the brows of the dwellers in the garden of Mithra, so the smoke that burst from the sacred flame of the Fire-temple, on the extinction of the Reviver, still hangs around the lamps and brows of the original race of phosphori, and though many have felt, they will not yet acknowledge the day-beam of Mithra. The red tide of Pseudophosean flame again overwhelmed them in their disobedience, and scattered them over the central world, and scattered they yet remain, their distinctive

marks still the same, unmixed, unmixing, eternal strangers among other tribes, Phosphori who have cut themselves off from the source of light, still supporting their languid flame while the dark Pseudophosean forehead glows in the blaze of revived light, and proudly bears the tri-form signet of Mithra. Phosphori no more, you remain but as memorials bearing unwilling testimony of your rejected Reviver, and monuments of his withering curse. He came to you seeking fruit where he had a right to find it, he found it not, and condemned you to sterility *. Aphos shall see the light, and rejoice in its beam, but your eyes are more fatally obscured by pride, than his by darkness. He shall perceive his want, and seek not in vain. You know not that you are dark, and will not seek the light. The light has sought you, and you would not; now it has passed from you, and you will not seek it! And you, ye newly adopted Phosphori, you who have accepted the offered Revival, you who have seen the light, why strive ye to hide or corrupt it? Do you also wish to lose it? See you not yet the truth, or why will you still ne-

* Matt. xxi. 19.

glect the light, while you quarrel and debate about the means of procuring it? Do you not yet know, that, it is pure, steady, mithric light, that is required; reality not form? Why will you neglect the object, while you affect to pursue and to analyse the means? Perceive you not that you are but obscuring the day-beam with your pyrotechny? Reflect! "The day-spring from on high hath visited you!" and is now so strong as to obtrude itself on the closed eyelid, and unless you wilfully shroud yourselves in the smoke of impurity and evil passion, you can no longer deceive even yourselves! Follies are no longer follies, they are crimes, for you see the light! Cease then from your criminal altercations, and regard only the production of mithric light, whose utility remember is its excellence!

Phosphorus! if the forms your particular society has adopted be good, cleave to them. But forget not that they are good only in proportion to their effect, and despise not others, whereby the same effect has been produced. Close not your eyes against encreasing light, vainly imagining, because the founders of your sect

have felt the day-beam, that all the light of Mithra has been at once accorded to them. For your lights grow stronger by contemplation, and as your exertions enable you to bear more, you will find neither the fountain of light exhausted, nor its course impeded ; although you may divert it from your own lamps, and shade your own brow from its influence, like the ancient Phosphori, by a veil of obstinate prejudice, and antimithric pride. Perfection and infallibility are not attributes of Phosphoric light, they belong alone to Mithra, and by assuming them, you allow your pride to intercept the ray which would have enlightened you, from yourselves, and from those on whom it should have been reflected by you. Learn then humility from experience of the past, remembering that those gone before you, whose errors are now the subject of your well-founded amazement, or just abhorrence, also thought themselves perfect in their day, and deeming themselves possessed of all the light of Mithra, deprecated as impious any further contemplation of his beam. Avoid then the errors which you perhaps too exultingly

criticise ! for as you, by the contemplation they denounced, have acquired light, in comparison of which theirs was but the dimness of Pseudo-phosean error, doubt not the infinity of that day-beam which can accord to further contemplation, an intensity of light, which you are yet incapable of receiving.

The mighty lens of concentration, that best great gift accorded by Mithra to his Phosphori, and which your predecessors had affected to veil, even as the golden lamp of Protophos was veiled, you, with praise-worthy zeal, have exposed and adjusted to your use. But in the imperfection of your lights its adjustment was no easy task, and you hesitated not to proclaim its incorrectness, but a second attempt having produced improvement, in headlong exultation, you in evil hour pronounced it perfect, and though its varying focus, and from some parts of its surface prismatic colors proclaim its imperfection, you madly persist in error : and like your predecessors, against whom you rail, obstinately persevere in claiming infallibility for an adjustment made at a moment when your light is, in

every other instance, acknowledged to have been inferior to that which you have now attained. Rouse yourselves propagators of light, and suffer not the smoke of your false pride to tarnish the lens of Mithra ! Shrink no longer from the mighty task, but cleanse and adjust it, until it transmit his rays pure as they entered it ! To have been in error is a misfortune incidental to your fallen nature, but to persist in it is a crime ! Suffer then no longer this antimithric pride to obscure your pure light, but nobly dare to reform whatever, either in your forms or adjustment, experience has proved to be either erroneous or worthless, removing thereby the occasion you have given the enemies of your faith to blaspheme, and above all, in doing this, avoid any further claim of present infallibility, lest thereby you throw the same impediments in the path of your successors, and deter them, as you yourselves have been deterred, from such improvements, as increased light may render necessary or desirable. You have exposed the lens of Mithra, whence all may freely seek the light they need, it is therefore incumbent on you that

its adjustment be correct; that it is generally so, is not enough. Every ray that entered therein was pure and accordant with the whole *, but some by the imperfection of your adjustment are distorted. Many of these distortions you know well how to remedy, and are prevented only by an unconquerable dislike to acknowledging the error of your former boast. Delay not, for the day-beam must prevail in purity and truth! It is in vain you would defend the distorted beams by your sophistry! Hasten then, lest those you would direct burst from your overshadowing, and adjusting for themselves the lens of Mithra, leave you eclipsed by the vapours of your unyielding vanity.

THANKSGIVING AND CONFESSION OF FAITH

OF

REVIVED PHOSPHORI.

“ ETERNAL Mithra, who, before all worlds, didst shine self-existent through the regions of

* John x. 35.

unclouded day, glory to thy gracious benevolence, which condescends to look down upon, and to hear us degraded creatures, even from this abyss of gloom ! Humbly we offer thee thanksgiving, that in the beginning thou didst permit an emanation of thine essence to blaze upon thy central Fire-throne, and enlighten this vale of darkness ! We bless thee, that thou didst create us for thy service, and by implanting on our brows a portion of thine own flame, gavest us consciousness of our connection with thyself ! We bless thee, that upon our rebellious transgression, thou didst not withdraw thyself from the centre, but still affordedst us the light necessary to our fallen state, that in mercy thou didst cheer us with thy promise, and sufferedst us not entirely to lose thy symbol ! Above all we bless thee for the performance of thy gracious promise, in that thou hast suffered thine emanative flame to dwell among us, in the brow, and on the lamp of thy blessed reviver Triphos, to restore to us the light of which our disobedience had deprived us, and to teach us by familiar, and, even to our clouded faculties, intelligible

example, how we might preserve it; and to what end! Unmerited mercy, a restoration to eternal day! Moreover we bless thee, that for the preservation of this light so graciously accorded, thou didst permit thy departed Reviver to shed upon us a concentrated day-beam of his pervading effluence, as an earnest of his continued presence among us, and a test whereby we might render our lamps accordant with thy light!

We acknowledge thee, sole source of light and life, the same, whether pervading in thine infinity thine own bright universe of eternal day, or beaming from thy Fire-throne among the abysses of central darkness, and vivifying them by the influence of thy creative flame! We acknowledge thee with humble and peculiar gratitude in the brow, and on the lamp of thy Reviver Triphos, promulgating, and accomplishing thy gracious purpose towards thine unworthy Phosphori! We acknowledge thee in thy pervading effluence ubiquitous, and in the unshrouded day-beam of its increase! Flame originary, Flame emanant, Light effluent, one and the same, Mithra alike in all! Rebellious as we

are then, hide not thy face again in anger from those to whom thou hast accorded thy light, but, for thy blessed Reviver's sake, continue still to lighten our darkness; and by thy benign and all-powerful influence, to lead us into such accordance with thyself, that we may, through him, attain to that blessed place, whither himself has prepared the way for all such as shall retain his light!

And glory and gratitude be to thee, Almighty, All-wise, All-merciful; Creator, Preserver, Reviver, now and for ever!

THE END.

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